

Next week! "The GAMIN DETECTIVE; or, Willful Will the Boy Clerk!"

NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 364.

IN HEAVEN.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Some earthly friendships fail us,
When winds of sorrow blow,
As fair, sweet blossoms perish
Beneath an early snow.
The ties which seem the strongest
May first of all be riven,
To bid our hearts remember
There's nothing sure but Heaven.
The heart we lean on fainteth,
The hand we grasp grows cold,
And brass is in the treasure
We counted purest gold.
When in His strange, deep wisdom,
God takes what He has given,
The mute lips seem to whisper,
There's nothing sure but Heaven!
Oh, heart, beyond the shadows
What sunshine crowns the hills!
There ours are ours forever,
Untouched by earthly ills.
Love nevermore will fail us,
Nor hearts with love be riven,
When in the glad time coming
We find the way to Heaven.

Silver Sam;

OR,

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LITTLE OF THE WRESTLER'S ART.

"Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!"

This was the first time that the eyes of the citizens of Deadwood had ever rested upon the uncouth and strangely-attired unknown, and, naturally, his sudden and decidedly dramatic appearance excited a great deal of astonishment.

His loud tone, too, as well as the nature of the words he uttered, attracted the attention of all within ear-shot, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before a little circle of wondering miners began to gather around him.

The most astonished man in the crowd was the one whom he had addressed in such a familiar manner—the quiet and stern-faced Montana.

He turned in utter surprise as the boisterous boasts of the stranger rung out on the night air, and, facing the new-comer, surveyed him with wonder.

The man was an utter stranger to him; never before, to Montana's knowledge, had his eyes rested upon the red and swollen face of the man who had so proudly proclaimed himself to be own cousin and namesake of the ever-to-be-remembered mate of the "Prairie Belle."

The moon was shining brightly and afforded plenty of light for the striking tableau thus so suddenly formed.

"Yes, sir—e!" bellowed the man, loudly; "you are the meat I seek! I'm fur you, you king-pin of Deadwood! I'm chief, I am! Lemme introduce myself!"

And then the stranger drew himself up proudly, and removing the battered-up silk hat swung it gracefully in the air.

"Jimms Bludsoe, that's my name, and ashamed of it I ain't! I'm the pet of the Niobrara—the head mule of the Laramie trail! the everlasting, snoring, screaming, thick-wooled, short-tailed old he-goat of the Big Horn mountain range, baa-a-a!"

And then at the top of his lungs the lunatic—for such he seemed—bleated like a goat.

"Do you know him?" asked Halliwell, astonished at the antics of the fellow.

Montana shook his head.

He had taken the stranger's measure pretty correctly, as the saying is. It was not the first time that he had seen some brawny ruffian proclaim himself "chief," and dare to mortal combat a whole mining-camp, thirsting for glory under the influence of the potent liquor so commonly dispensed on the outskirts of civilization; but, why this man should single him out by name, to pick a quarrel with, was a mystery.

As a general rule the daring soul who plants himself in the middle of the street and proclaims that he is a chief of note, and on the war-path, never cares much who he fights as long as he fights somebody.

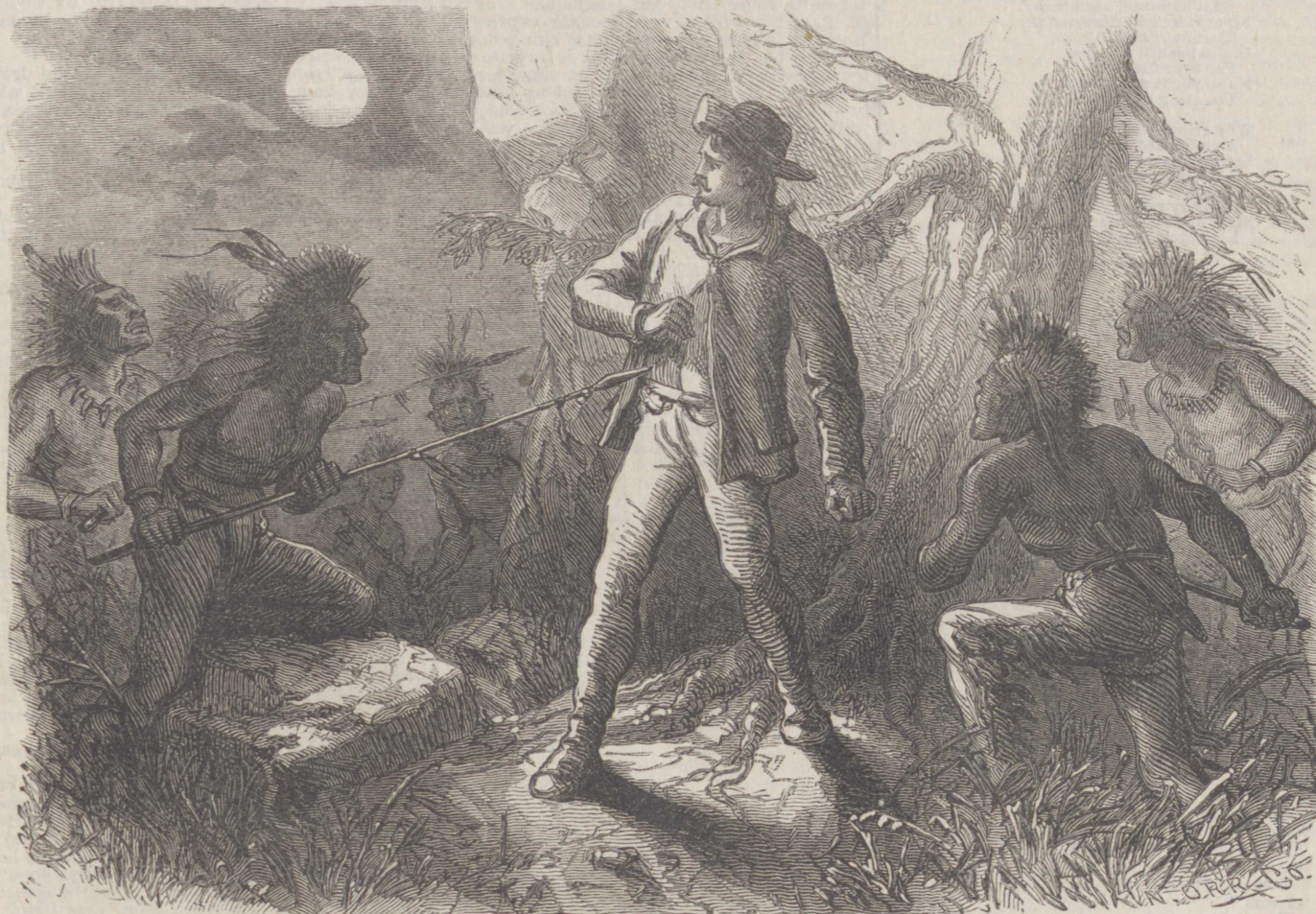
"Yes, sir—e!" yelled the stranger; "Montana! That's the name of the diggings I dispo! Jest slap me in the face, and then I'm fur you, tooth and toe-nails! You've heard of me, I reckon, own cousin to Jim of the Parairie Belle."

"Oh, he warn't no saint, was Jimm's, Them engineers—and bull-whackers—are pretty much all alike. One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, An' sixteen hyer in Pike, An' her Texas sat on her hurricane-deck, An' he howled above the roar, I'll keep her nozzie ag'in the bank, Till I an' my pard's ashore."

That's me! I'm his pard, all of me! I'm the blue-nosed, ring-tailed b'ar of Wolf Mountain! Slap me in the face, you deer-skin kivered cuss, an' see how I'll peel those 'tarnal Injun's fixin's offen you! I'm the game-cock of the divide! I'm all spur except my head and that's a bullet! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The antics of the brawny fellow, coupled with his absurd speech, were so ridiculous that the bystanders fairly roared with laughter.

"Come, strip for the love of goodness, mister!" yelled the bull-whacker. "I've got to



Up from the rocks and pines sprang a dozen warriors, with rifle and knife, and spear.

eat a grizzly b'ar 'tween now and morning and I'm gitting hungry!"

"I've no quarrel with you," said Montana, hardly knowing what to make of the fellow.

"Of course you ain't—how could you? You never see'd me afore, but now I'm hyer."

"The Morastor was a better boat."

But the Belle she wouldn't be passed;

An' so she tore along, the oldest boat on the line.

This ouss a-squatin' on her safety valve,

An' Bludsoe chock full of whisky an' wine!

Come, off with your deer-skin, and g'in me a tussle. Jest for the fun of the thing. I'm full of fun—b'illin' over!"

"I'll take a turn with you, by gosh!" cried Halliwell, stepping forward, his blood heated with the unusual quantity of drink which he had imbibed, and prompt to take up the quarrel which Montana seemed unwilling to assume.

"Stranger, you air a trump!" cried the brawny fellow, in admiration, "but you ain't the b'ar I've lost to-day. This hyer gent is what I want to feed on! Say, spit in my face one't and oblige yourn truly!"

"Hold on!" said Montana, his strong right hand on Halliwell's shoulder, "I am able to attend to my own affairs. All I wish to know is why I am singled out in this manner. I never saw this fellow before in my life, and if he has come to Deadwood expressly to fight the bully of the town I think that any one of my acquaintances here will tell him that I am not the man he seeks."

"Stranger, for the love of heaven let's fight and not talk," yelled the unknown. "You're the man I want. I'm heeled! Jest spit in my face or slap it, or tread on my toes, or say I can't drink, or—"

"He won't fight; Montana is a coward!" cried a voice from the crowd.

Each man looked at his neighbor, and Montana started as if he had trodden upon a rattlesnake and the whirr of the reptile's alarm was in the air.

The voice seemed to come from a portion of the circle where some blue uniforms were visible—soldiers from the fort.

"Will the man who said that step out and show himself!" Montana exclaimed, evidently under the influence of great excitement, for every muscle in his powerful frame was trembling.

No one stirred.

The maker of the charge evidently did not care to back up his words by deeds.

"Never mind him; I'm your bundle of hay. I'm the outs for you to fodder on!" cried Bludsoe, fairly dancing up and down and swinging his arms around like a pair of windmills.

"Jest g'in me a leetle crack in the face an' I'll call it square, oh, you long-legged, slab-sided—"

What more he would have said is not known, for Montana, with a single sweep of his muscular arm, gave the boss bull-whacker the crack he so earnestly desired.

The blow was given with the palm of the open hand, but so skillfully delivered, and with such force, that it sounded like the crack of a mule-driver's whip, and tumbled the quarrelsome stranger over sideways with an aching head.

But on his feet again in an instant was the brawny fellow, and he rushed at Montana with all the strength and fury of a wild bull.

Not unprepared, though, was the miner, and as the bull-whacker rushed at him, headlong, he jumped to one side, tripped the giant with his foot, caught him as he fell forward with his left arm round his bull neck, pressed the head against his side, and with a strength and skill such as few men in that crowd had ever seen displayed before, lifted the assailant bodily from the ground and threw him over his shoulder.

Down came the giant, flat on his back, with a thud that fairly shook the earth; the bull head dropped back with a gasp escaping from the thick-lipped mouth, and the man lay limp and still.

A little of the wrestler's art Montana had exhibited that night in Deadwood. He had "cross-buttocked" the giant and given him what a Cornish man would have termed a "buster."

"He's killed!" cried one of the crowd, in alarm, noticing that the man did not stir.

On the other side of the street, in the shadow of a house, stood a gentleman and lady; passing down the street, they had stopped, attracted by the crowd, and had witnessed the affair.

"Come, Dianora; you take a strange interest in this street brawl," the gentleman, Congressman Mort Campbell, said.

"No wonder; one of them is my husband!" the Washingtonian belle answered.

CHAPTER IX.

SATISFACTION.

"We work by wit and not by witchcraft."

"THE man is dead, sure enough!" cried another of the crowd, as they all pressed around the prostrate form of the boasting bull-whacker.

"Stand back and give him air!" exclaimed a third looker-on.

"It was done on the square!" cried Halliwell, deeply impressed with the skill of his quiet partner.

"The pattiest thing I ever seed!" cried a rough-bearded miner, in high admiration.

"Throw some water over him!" suggested the landlord of the Big Horn saloon, who had been attracted to the door by the noise.

"Give him some whisky!" sung out one of the crowd.

"No, don't waste the liquor!" cried another. The average American must have his jokes, and the rougher the crowd the keener the sense of humor.

But some one of the bystanders was prompt to act upon the suggestion of Dick Skelly, the Boniface of the Big Horn, and a tumbler of water was dashed into the upturned face of the giant.

The sudden dash of cold water produced the result anticipated, and slowly Mr. Jimms Bludsoe opened his great goggle-eyes.

He stared around him for a few moments, evidently bewildered, and without making any attempt to get up.

"How goes it, old man?" asked the fellow with the tumbler, who possessed an inquiring mind.

"The boss bull-whacker of Cheyenne's famous town!" slowly rose to a sitting posture and blinked his eyes around him.

"Say! wot sort of a towa do you call this, whar you knock a man down an' then throw a

brick house on 'top of him?" the giant demanded.

There was a moment of silence after this question was propounded, and then a roar of laughter went up from the throats of the crowd.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the miners, and one stout individual fairly roared till the tears came in his eyes.

An indignant look appeared upon the features of the stranger.

"Funny, ain't it?" he growled; "but I'll jest go you two dollars an' a half that you don't play it on this chap ag'in. Hyer's my shoulders, but whar's my head?"

And then the crowd roared again.

The bull-whacker's eyes fell upon Montana, standing with folded arms in the moonlight.

"I take it all back, stranger; you ain't the man I want to see, at all. I've barked up the wrong tree; I thought that you hadn't any fun in you, but you're as full of fun as a meat-ax."

"Are you satisfied?" asked Montana, grimly; his blood was up now, and he felt inclined to give the bragart another taste of his quality; then, too, still in his ears was ringing the taunting voice which had branded him as a coward in the open streets of Deadwood.

"Satisfied?" cried Bludsoe, still retaining his sitting posture. "Blazes! yes—I ain't a hog! I know when I've got enough."

"Easily satisfied!" cried a voice in the crowd; the same voice which had previously taunted Montana. It was plain that the intent was to spur the giant on to another trial of Montana's prowess.

"Oh, you bet!" Bludsoe responded, with a grin, rising to his feet and shaking his head as the grizzly bear shakes his noddle when the leaden balls of the hunters rattle fruitlessly upon it.

"Come an' take a hand in the thing yourself. You want too much pork for a shilling, you do. I don't play circus all the time."

And then the giant turned and surveyed Montana with a great deal of curiosity. "Pardner, you're a well-built man, but how you did it gets me."

"Try it on again, and maybe you'll discover," Montana answered.

"No, thank you, no sugar in mine, this time," Mr. Bludsoe replied. "I've got all I want fur the present. I've had a fair show fur my money, and now I'll quit; but how you did it—why, I'm big enough to eat you!"

"I reckon that it is because I have learned to use my hands and feet, and you haven't," Montana replied.

"Sarten! I reckon that's a fact! Wa-al, you'll have to excuse me now; some other time I'll try to squar' this account, for I hate to owe any man anything. So-long! Much obliged, boys, fur your seel! I had a fair show, but maybe I'd feel better in my mind if 'bout a dozen of you had jumped on me, so that I could have had a fair excuse to take water. It's the first time that a Bludsoe of the Per-aria Belle ever cried quits on the first heat!" and with this remark the giant walked away; the crowd opened and made room for him to pass down the street.

The miners watched the burly form until it disappeared in the shadows cast by the shanties below, and many a jest went round at the expense of the "old he-goat of the Big Horn mountain range," as the stranger had proudly

termed himself—the man who had come for wool and returned shorn.

Montana and Halliwell walked slowly away from the front of the saloon, proceeding up the street.

"By gosh, Montana!" the tall son-of-Maine exclaimed, "that was the handsomest thing I ever see'd! Why, you downed him as slick as a whistle. Christmas! why I never see'd anything like that before. Say, that's a prize-fighter's trick, ain't it?"

"Yes, they use it; it is about the worst fall that you can give a man, and this fellow was so big and unwieldy that his own weight made him come down with terrible force. I don't think that I could catch him again on it, though."

"Montana, you ain't seen the last of that fellow!" Halliwell exclaimed, abruptly, after thinking about the matter for a moment.

"You think so?" Montana was non-committal.

"Sarten; he'll try and do you a mischief for that pretty trick you showed him to-night."

"If he's not careful I'll show him one worth two of that," Montana replied, in his cold, quiet way.

"Why, I hadn't the least idee that you understood how to fight!"

"Partner, I hav'n't lived thirty-odd years in this world for nothing. I have fought my own way ever since I was a boy of ten years; I've been all over the world as a sailor, and it would be a wonder if, after knocking round the way I have, I didn't know a trick or two worth the knowing."

"But this fellow looked to be almost twice as big as you are."

"He probably weighs forty or fifty pounds more than I do, but it's useless fat, about as valuable to him as so many pounds of lead would be belted to his waist. I am weighing now about a hundred and sixty, but it's my fighting weight, as the saying is, and I couldn't take off ten pounds without being the worse for it. Why, with my knowledge of boxing and superior agility, if I came to a fist-cuff encounter with this fellow, I'd hammer him all to pieces and barely get a bruise myself."

"Well, now, Montana, I declare you kin shoot me if I ain't astonished!" Halliwell exclaimed. "We have bin partners now for some time, and I never sp'ioned that you was that sort of man at all. You allus seemed to try to keep out of fuses."

"So I do, but once in, I know how to bear my part," his companion replied, significantly.

"You'll have to 'heel' yourself now, though."

In far Western parlance to "heel" is to arm. With a couple of revolvers, a bowie-knife and a double-barreled shot-gun a man would be considered well "heeled."

"I am 'heeled,'" Montana replied, quietly.

"Gosh! I never saw you with any weapon."

"But I've got them though, nevertheless," Montana answered, with a quiet smile. "I don't wear them openly, but if any one thinks to catch me unprepared for a skirmish, he'll find out his mistake when the thing is tried on."

"Oh, by the way, that man Campbell was looking on during the fuss."

"Yes."

"You won't sell him the mine?"

"I'll see him further first, the old rascal!"

"Mighty fine gal that daughter of his'n."

"Has he got a daughter?" Montana said, carelessly.

"I bet yer! a regular screamer, too; jest the kind of gal to suit you, Montana; you ought to go for her. Oh, she's a high-stepper; more ribbons and fixings and yellar hair—"

"I reckon that I don't want her," Montana returned, coldly. "If she takes after her dad, she's a bad egg!"

CHAPTER X.

A WILLFUL WOMAN.

"As rough as are the swelling Adriatic seas."

"YOUR husband!" Mr. Congressman Campbell exclaimed, in supreme astonishment.

"Exactly, papa, my husband," the lady repeated, speaking in the most matter-of-fact tone possible.

She was a tall, handsome girl, this Dianora Campbell, stylish as any queen of fashion's center, with her waving tresses of yellow hair, her great blue eyes—rather light in hue and sometimes shading a little toward an ominous green, when passion swayed her soul—her regular features, well-proportioned form and general air of refinement.

Full of blue blood were the veins of Dianora, if face, figure and speech could be trusted, but alack and well-a-day! this tall, stately and really beautiful girl was the daughter of old Mort Campbell, now a Member of Congress from Illinois, but formerly a cattle-drover, a coarse, brutal fellow, with an appetite as earthy in its nature as the beasts he traded in.

But Mort Campbell—as his fellow-drovers always called him in the old time, and the name stuck to him still, although long ago he had ceased trading in cattle to deal in men—was smart; he was a man noted for his sharp bargains, and many traders kept their eyes open when they dealt with him. No honest fool was the speculator to let abstruse theories keep money out of his pocket; he was in the world to make money, honestly, if he could, but to make it anyway, by hook or crook.

Campbell thrived—such men do generally

appear to thrive and wax fat in this world's vanities, while weaker and more honest fellows lose heart watching the rising of such evil stars, and question the wisdom of Providence that seems to favor the evil-doer.

A smart man indeed was Campbell, for nothing stopped him; his word was as a rope of straw—his bond, a foolish thing, fit only for a lawyer's plaything.

When other men kept their faith and lost, he broke contracts and escaped the ruin. A smart, thriving, fox-handed man indeed was the thick-set, coarse-featured, vulgar-mannered, red-headed, red-whiskered Congressman.

And how came the Illinois drover to be elected to a seat in that body of august wisdom, which we patient lookers-on set to rule over us, and who, with grave faces, we call statesmen. "Heaven save the mark!"

The explanation was easy. In a certain district in lower Illinois, Egypt, as it used to be termed in the days when the Illinois central railway was forcing its path through the almost uninhabited prairies, that are now blossoming like the rose, thanks to the adventuring emigrants from afar, one party largely outnumbered its opponent.

Egypt they termed the land in contempt, and, in truth, it was a region sadly needing the light of civilization, and some parts of it even at the present time would be benefited by a little more schoolmaster and a little less whisky.

As we have said, one political party was much stronger than the other—so much so that the weaker side had great difficulty in getting a candidate to run at all, for mark you, elections cost money, and it is poor consolation to pay for certain defeat, for few elections are there in this or any other land, where the contestants do not "shell out" liberally to influence the free and independent voter.

It was a forlorn hope, then, that Mort Campbell led when he secured the nomination and set himself up to be knocked down at the polls on election day, as all believed.

For once in his life the wily Mort had apparently made a mistake, and many a local prophet shook his head and suggested that "pride runneth to a fall," and that Mort's sudden rise to fortune by dark and cunning devices had turned his head, and that as he had smulated a rocket he would now enact the stick.

But Campbell seemed as familiar with the devious ways that lead to political fortune as any man-jack of them all.

Money he spent like water; stout-shouldered, big-fisted fellows, imported from the slums of Chicago, acted as his advocates; voters were colonized, newspapers bought, and all the "ways that are dark and tricks that were vain" were employed.

The opposing candidate, sure of his election, neglected the canvass, and his followers sneered at the "hog-butcher" who wanted to go to Washington.

Quickly Campbell and his crowd took up the name.

He was a hog-butcher—a MAN OF THE PEOPLE—and he wasn't ashamed to own it, and that bold trick won him many votes.

Just twenty majority had Campbell when the votes were counted; he had won by a neck, as it were.

The other party stormed, contested the election, but Campbell had been too smart for them, and they couldn't prove the fraud that had evidently been committed.

And from that day to the present time Campbell had been regularly elected from that district.

True, the war had taken place and the district had veered in sentiment, first one way and then the other, but Campbell was like the historic postmaster who kept his office, no matter which party won; as he simply said he'd defy any administration to change quicker than he could.

No matter how great the political storm, Mr. Congressman Campbell always came up smiling on top of the billow.

And as the drover thrived, so doubly thrived the politician; he had only enlarged the sphere of his usefulness.

Great in railroads, great in embryo cities—metropolises yet to be—deeply interested in mines, coal in Illinois—his own district swarmed with mines—copper by Superior's waters, and now he had journeyed to Deadwood to try a little venture in the richer metals.

"See here! I don't understand this," the father exclaimed; "where on earth did you get a husband?"

"In Chicago, papa," answered the girl, not at all abashed.

"Well, hang me!" cried Campbell, annoyed; "you never told me anything about it!"

"No, papa; it was while I was at school at Chicago and you were in Washington. I was only a child then, and it seemed so romantic to get married without letting any one know anything about it."

"By Jove you're a cool hand!"

"Yes, papa; I take after you. I always do as I like, you know. The stupid fellow ran away from me after a little while and I didn't feel like telling anybody what a goose I had made of myself. I don't know why I said anything about it to-night, but I suppose it was because I was so surprised at seeing him. I thought the fellow was dead, long ago."

The girl spoke as coolly as if she was talking of an animal, instead of a human, and that human the man she had sworn to love, honor and obey.

"Oh, you don't care for him, then?" This was the inference that the father had drawn from the daughter's tone.

"Well, I don't know—that depends," Diana answered, slowly.

"Depends upon what?" Campbell was curious.

"Upon how he is situated, and what he is doing; if he has another wife, or is going to get one, then I may trouble him. I ought to punish him for the ugly trick he played me. It isn't complimentary to a girl to have her lover run away from her after he becomes her husband."

"What's his name?"

"Why should I tell you that? What use is it? He has probably used a dozen, and none of them his own."

The two had been walking slowly up the street during this conversation and had now reached the hotel where they were stopping.

"Well, you will have your own way, of course," the father said, as he stepped over the threshold; "but, don't make a fool of yourself."

"Don't be afraid. I am too much like you not to be cautious!" she answered, and the two passed into the house.

Five minutes afterward Montana and Halliwell came by, on their way home to their cabin in the West Gulch.

It was a wild, romantic place, hemmed in by great rocks, frowning down upon a little streamlet.

Halliwell entered the cabin while Montana

stroled on up the gorge to the mine. He craved solitude and silence that he might think.

And then, in the flash of an eye, a startling picture was formed in that wild ravine under the light of the moon. Up from the rocks and pines sprang a dozen red warriors, and with rifle and knife, and spear and tomahawk they threatened the life of Montana.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

LOST LOVE.

BY T. O. HARRAUGH.

Though the ring on her finger
Shines brightly no more,
My love it shall linger
On memory's shore.
Let every thought perish
That speaks not her name;
Let memory cherish
Her face and her name!

Who says that love slumbers
Not in hearts but there?
The harp strikes its numbers,
Though but one chord be left.
It was love's El Dorado
That before me was seen;
But alas! the dark shadow
That glided between.

If love is proved shallow,
By flying from the altar,
It comes like the swallow,
Homeward again.
Or it comes like the letter
That's written in rhyme,
With every feather
Broken by time!

No love is endearing
That hath not been torn;
No crown is worth wearing
That hath not a thorn.
In the beautiful roses,
That grow over the sea,
No daylight discloses
The sting of the bee!

Why grieve when 'tis over?
A maid hath deceived;
Let charity cover
A heart that believed!
Neath the waves of life's river
I'll bury regret;
But I know I can never,
No, never forget!

Winning Ways:

OR,

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Upon a summer afternoon,
A wee before the sun had done,
My lassie, in a braw new gown,
Came to the hills to Gowie.
The roselaid, tinged with morning shower,
Blossoms fresh within the sunny bower,
But Katie was there, and she was
That ever bloomed in Gowie."
—SCOTCH SONG.

KITTY, overpowered by her own conflicting feelings, and the strangeness of her situation, received this first overt act of homage on the part of the captain in passive silence.

"There," said he, "that is my first and my last caress. Oh, this is heaven, indeed, after the torture of last week! I could not keep away any longer; I should have come to you at all risks this afternoon."

"And I should have been far away—far on my journey to the lakes."

"What was sending you there?" She smiled and shook her head.

"You were going to get out of my way?"

"I was."

"You have saved me a long journey, for I should have followed you by the very next train."

"How foolish!"

"Perhaps—but I cannot help it. Ah, you will never know the feeling I have toward you, Katharine. I could work gladly as a servant in your house, if I could be near you in no other way."

"Well, there will be no need of that if you keep your promise. But oh, how far away I am trusting you! If you should fail me."

"You need not fear. Only say a kind word to me now and then, and I will lie down contented! This blessed calm! This sweet repose! Katharine, it has been dearly purchased; but I do not regret the agony now."

"You will not let your sister know," said Kitty, after a pause.

"Of course not. No one need ever know except our two selves. Trust me, Katharine, and you will find that this fears are quite needless and groundless. All will go on as usual, except that we shall be happier, and with a happiness that the world would never understand."

"Well, I must go now," she said, sighing.

"In Chicago, papa?" answered the girl, not at all abashed.

"Well, hang me!" cried Campbell, annoyed; "you never told me anything about it!"

"No, papa; it was while I was at school at Chicago and you were in Washington. I was only a child then, and it seemed so romantic to get married without letting any one know anything about it."

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It was a wild, romantic place, hemmed in by great rocks, frowning down upon a little streamlet.

Halliwell entered the cabin while Montana

world would not understand." Fair young reader, as you pause upon this page, let me whisper one word of warning in your ear. Beware always of things which the world will not understand. They are, generally, also things from which the angels would veil their grieving eyes—things which speaking of them in that sense the inhabitants of heaven would no more "understand" than would the unmerciful and uncharitable dwellers upon this lower earth.

Kitty dined that day at the "White Pines." The quiet evening which the captain looked forward to was, however, spoiled by the unexpected advent of some friends from town, who, finding her absent, and being on intimate terms with Mr. Chivers, took the liberty of following her to his house. Louise and her uncle welcomed them most gladly. Kitty at first seemed to do so, and the captain waxed exceedingly wroth as he watched her talking away with the greatest apparent interest to a young author, who was his own especial abhorrence.

"I should like to punch the fellow's head for him!" he muttered to himself, as he watched the pair. "What business has he to look stratched into her eyes like that? And now he has taken her taste she must have, for I suppose it is because he writes. Any fellow that can hold a pen properly, and do more than make his mark with it, seems to interest her at once, or else—she is like all the rest of her sex, and likes the last comer best. They are flirting, fickle things, these women, make the best of them."

Having come to this sage conclusion, the captain devoted himself with might and main to a pretty little literary widow, who had the reputation of being the most fascinating and faultless creature in London. They were getting on famously together, when the captain, looking across to where Kitty sat, caught her eyes fixed upon him with a very peculiar expression. How long she had opened the gates of her heart, not say; but there was a smile of surprise and scorn playing around her lip that stung him to the quick. He turned scarlet—got up hurriedly—made some excuse to his pretty friend, and walked away. Katharine's contempt was not precisely the reward he wished to earn.

He saw no more of her that evening, for she went home early. But, after the company had returned to town, his sister told him a piece of news which was anything but agreeable. An *impromptu* fete had been arranged between Kitty and her friends. "Gan Eden" was to be the name of the fete, and the guests were to be thrown upon and filled with guests the very next day, and La Stella, the great singer, was to be induced to honor the festival with her presence. At that piece of intelligence the captain fumed and fretted more than ever.

But, in spite of him, the fete took place; and what was more, he went to it. Like most *impromptu* things, it was a decided success. The guests were in their best humor and best attire. The day was pleasant—the sun condescended to shine—the music was a nightingale in its way, and La Stella first sung a nightingale in the house, and then indulged her particular friends with a ballad in the open air. As they gathered around her, jesting and laughing, after the song was over, the captain, standing moodily apart, pulling his fawn mustache, saw a little white hand laid upon his arm. He owned was Kitty, who stood beside him, radiant in rose-colored muslin, smiling and happy as her guests.

"Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance," she said, playfully, "why are you moping here? Is there nothing in this pleasant scene—these pleasant faces—to make you glad?"

He muttered something behind his mustache about "public singers," and condescended to look at Kitty's face.

"La Stella's presence is an honor to me—to us all," she said, proudly. "You know that as well as I do. And for the rest—cannot you guess why this fete was planned?"

"What if I am sure I cannot."

"What is the reason I believe your intimacy was remarked—commented upon?"

"Who dares?" he cried, flushing up.

"Hush! Don't make a Don Quixote of yourself for nothing. People are talking about us, and we must be careful not to do so, if we are so constantly together, and alone."

"We are never alone."

"Louisa and your uncle come for nothing in the eyes of the world. And, as I cannot afford to lose my good name, even for your sake, George, I have opened the gates of Gan Eden once more to all comers. As one of a crowd I may surely notice you without coming to grief thereby."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," was his curt reply. "If you think I am going to be noticed only as one of the crowd, you are vastly mistaken."

Kitty laughed mischievously.

"George, how is it that men are always polite to every woman except the woman they care most for? I am the first knew me you would not have dreamed of being so rude."

"Don't laugh at me, Katharine. I'm miserable; I cannot bear it."

"Then don't be such a bear. Come, be friends once more."

He grasped her hand she held out, and was about to speak; but she snatched it away, and took refuge by the side of Miss Marchmont, who made one of the group clustering around La Stella upon the lawn. They were rallying the actress upon some stage blunder which she had made two years before at her debut, and she was laughing as heartily as the rest at its memory.

"Ah, one grows wiser as one grows older," she remarked. "I should not do that, now. I should not do such things to-day that I did then," she added, with a momentary overshadowing of her bright, fair face.

"For instance?" suggested Miss Du Bois, a young lady-artist of no mean fame, who was a personal and intimate friend of the singer.

"You should not ask me or tell tales out of school," was the reply she vouchsafed to make.

"Only one—just one. I have kept the secret three whole days. Do take pity on me, and let me divulge it now."

"As you please," said La Stella, laughing.

"You give me leave?"

"Certainly. I know of no secret in which I am concerned which you can possibly get hold of."

"Remember, you have consented," said the mischievous girl, bursting with laughter. "The ladies and gentlemen, attention! La Stella is an exquisite singer, a splendid actress, as you know; but she is also something more which you do not know. She is a full-fledged—"

"Rose!" exclaimed the singer, in sudden terror.

"Authoress!" cried Miss Du Bois, joyously, before she could finish the sentence she had commenced.

CHAPTER XV.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"You tell me that my face is fair—It may be so, I don't care—But let me see again that blush so fair—As ye had done afore folk."

Behave yourself! before folk, Behave yourself! before folk, Not have my cheeks with your mad freaks, But eye do once before folk.

—OLD SONG.

At this announcement, all eyes were turned upon the singer.

"It is true, I assure you," persisted Miss Du Bois. "I was in my dressing-room the other morning, and found a most suspicious-looking little roll upon her toilet-table, which I took the liberty of peeping at; and I give you my word, it was a genuine manuscript, ready for the printer."

"If that is the case, Rose, I shall take very good care how I let you into my dressing-room again," said La Stella, laughing; but, at the same time, looking as if she felt very much inclined to box her friend's unfortunate ears.

The conversation dropped, and the group

around La Stella broke up and went their several ways. Kitty, left almost alone with her guest, was wondering timidly how she ought to address her, when La Stella opened the conversation herself, and in a most unexpected way.

"My dear Mrs. Oliver," she said, "I wish to speak to you a moment, and quite alone, if I may."

"Certainly," said Kitty, looking not a little bewildered. "We are quite alone here."

"Yes, and don't be offended with my first question. Have you heard from your husband very lately?"

"Not for several months," replied Kitty, looking quite as angry as she felt. "Pray, why do you ask?"

The emphasis laid upon the pronoun made La Stella smile.

"Forgive me," she said, gently. "I fear you think me very rude; but I have only your welfare at heart all the while. I ask, because common report has blamed me for his departure, and most falsely. Dear Mrs. Oliver, I assure you that I never spoke to him off the stage in my life."

"So I have been told," said Kitty, gloomily. "I had no more to do with his goings or comings than the winds that blow. I came here to-day purposely to tell you this."

"You were very kind," replied Kitty, still without looking up.

La Stella eyed her a few moments in silence. A kind smile played around her lips. Suddenly she took both the young wife's hands in hers.

"Come," she said, "let us be friends. I have felt much interested in you ever since I heard the particulars of this story; I am not in the habit of accepting invitations at a day's notice, but where they wanted me to go, I cannot all my other engagements instantly, so that I might see you. Cannot you confide in me, dear Mrs. Oliver, now that I am here?"

Kitty was obstinately silent.

"I see," said the singer, sadly, as she dropped her hand, "you have other friends who are more to you than I can ever be. You have, perhaps, some prejudice against me on account of my profession, and you cannot forget it."

She was rising from her seat, but Kitty's hand detained her.

"Stay! Don't think me cold or unkind. This is so unexpected that I hardly know how to answer you. I need a friend, La Stella—believe me, I do."

"I see it, I know it, I feel it. I can be that friend to you, if you will let me."

Kitty's mute answer was a kiss, and they sat in silence for a time.

"You see," Kitty began at last, "it was hard to be deserted, even though I was deserted for no other woman. I am very proud—I could not bear that people should think me quite unable to win or keep a heart."

"I quite understand that," said La Stella. "It is hard to be deserted. I have felt it myself."

"You?"

"Yes, I!"

"So beautiful—so gifted—so famous."

"Then I was neither of the three. I had not gone upon the stage. I was only a peasant maiden, singing my simple songs in my native valley. The man I loved found me there. He was struck with my voice; he took me away, and defrayed all the costs of my education till I could sing almost as well as I can now. I owed that man everything—everything. Was it strange that I learned to love him? And he loved me, too, for a time, and I was to have been his wife."

She passed her hand hastily across her eyes, and then on.

"He was an Englishman, and the death of his father compelled him to return to his home for a time. He left me with my mother. He was to return for me before the year expired; but, Mrs. Oliver, before the time was over, he had married another. I see him often now."

She went on, with a bitter laugh: "He comes with his wife to the opera every time I sing. She is a duke's daughter, and as beautiful as a dream. I do not say that I blame him; but my position was not a pleasant one at first."

"How strange!" said Kitty. "If I had been asked to point out a thoroughly happy person, I should have selected you."

"Ah! every heart knows its own bitterness; and perhaps those whom we fancy the most free from care are those most deeply bowed down beneath its heavy hand," said La Stella, musingly.

"None but God can know who is really happy upon this earth."

"But I heard that you were about to be married," said Kitty.

"So I am," was the quiet reply. "One can scarcely afford, in these enlightened days, to waste a whole life, as well as a whole heart, upon a dream. I shall marry Signor—very soon. I have known him for several years; he is the quietest and most amiable of men, and I hope to be very happy with him. The first freshness and glory of life have gone, but enough remains to make it worth my while to dare the venture. You will come to my wedding, will you not, my dear Mrs. Oliver?"

"And now that I have told you so much of myself, can you guess why?" asked the singer, looking straight into Kitty's eyes. They fell, with a troubled expression, before the searching gaze.

"No. If you had any particular reason for telling me this, I cannot guess it."

"I had three, Mrs. Oliver. First, to show you that I was not to blame for your husband's departure; second, to let you see that I had suffered; and third, to let you see that I was not angry—I told you my history in order that I might speak more freely of my own. Do you understand me now?"

"Speak out, La Stella. Say frankly what you wish to say."

"It is this: Bitter as the lot of a deserted wife may be, there is a lot more bitter still—that of a guilty one!"

There was a long pause. The red blood mounted slowly Kitty's temples. At last she looked up and said, haughtily:

"Because you are human and a woman," was the courageous reply. "Because he who should have guarded you from every danger has left you to the worst fate that can befall you. Behave, dear lady, who has no right to do so, loves you dearly. And because, in some unhappy moment, you may turn to that love for consolation. For all these reasons I speak. I should be no true friend if I held my peace."

"Yes," said Kitty, with a slight smile; "you are quite right. Deserted though I am, I am still beloved."

"There lies the danger!" cried La Stella, with passionate warmth. "Oh, do anything, suffer anything, rather than keep that thought in your mind!"

"But if it comforts me?"

"So much the worse. Crush it—kill it while you can!"

"You misunderstand the whole thing; so I do not mind telling you that what you say is true. But the attachment to which you allude is so pure that its very purity alone is the joy and consolation of my lonely life."

"Poor child!—poor child! But will it be always so?"

"Why should it not?"

"It might—if you were both angels. As it is, I have very serious doubts. And I beg, most earnestly

only strike Bricktop's scent now, there'd be some use talkin'."

Opening the door Pete walked boldly into the saloon.

Its occupants consisted of half a dozen curly loafers who were hanging idly about the counter, and several others seated at tables round the room.

One party of four were busily playing poker, with a greasy pack of cards. A tall, black-whiskered man sat near them, overlooking the game.

They looked with a careless glance round at Pete, who returned their stare with interest.

They were all unknown to him, that was certain. Colonel Green, or Joe Prime, did not inhabit that locality.

The boy moved carelessly toward the group of loafers by the counter, intending to question them concerning the object of his search.

"What in blazes does a cub like you want here among men?" growled the barkeeper. "Ain't got bringing up enough to set the door after him, neither."

"Guess you ain't got many men here that I'd turn my back on," said Pete, defiantly. "Tain't always the biggest rooster that's the best fighter."

The black-whiskered man now looked round for the first time. He merely glanced at Pete's face, and then quickly turned to observe the game again.

"I won't be taken down in politeness, though," said Pete. "I'll set the door, being's you kinder want it."

He was prevented from doing so by an unexpected incident.

Nicodemus, whom he had left outside the saloon, now pushed the door wide open with his nose, and ran in.

He gave one small at his master's feet, and then hastily scudded round the room, with a movement as if he was at fault about a scent.

This lasted but an instant, and Pete was hindered from closing the door by a loud barking from his faithful dog.

Turning he saw that the animal had made a fierce attack upon him of the black whiskers, barking, springing at him, and making savage efforts to bite him.

The man sprung hastily to his feet, with a fierce curse.

"Curse the brute, what ails it?" he cried, attempting to kick the dog. But Nicodemus was too sly. He kept out of reach of the heavy boots of his master, and through the frequent strenuous efforts to insert his teeth in the man's legs.

"Down with you, Nicodemus! What ails you, dog?" cried Pete.

But the animal was not to be pacified. He continued his assault.

"Blast his infernal picture!" cried the man, in a towering rage. "I'll settle his hash for him."

He drew and cocked a pistol as he spoke.

"That's my dog!" said Pete. "I fight for that dog. Maybe you'd like to settle my hash?"

"Yes," cried the man, savagely, turning his pistol on Pete, ere the latter could draw his own weapon.

There was no bravado in that town. Pistols were not drawn in sport. The life of a man was taken as lightly as that of a dog. It would have been a serious matter for Pete, only that Nicodemus came to his rescue.

The man meant murder, and drew the trigger of his pistol with cool aim. But at the same instant Nicodemus buried his teeth in the fellow's unprotected calf. His hand twitched upward with the pain, and the ball passed over Pete's head.

He kicked savagely back at the animal, and again aimed his weapon at Pete.

But the young spy was not going to be taken twice napping. His own pistol cracked sharply, and the man's weapon dropped to the floor, his right arm falling heavily to his side.

"What the blazes is up?" cried the bartender, displaying a similar weapon.

"This is what's up," yelled Pete, leaping at his antagonist and grasping his bushy black whiskers.

A quick pull, and beard and mustache came off together, revealing the clean-shaven face, and devilish look of Colonel Green!

"No use, kurnel; you're sold," cried Pete. "Don't you fellows be fightin' for this rascal and baby-stealer. You don't know him."

"If I don't know him you can sell me out cheap!" cried one of the card party, rising to his feet, pistol in hand.

Several other weapons were displayed by the party, and it seemed as if there was going to be a general affray.

The unmannered ruffian ripped out a desperate oath, and with a quick movement displayed a long knife in his left hand.

An agile leap placed him beside Pete, with the knife brandished above the boy's unprotected head.

"Back down there a bit, you top-sided bound!" cried a voice from the door.

These words were accompanied by the sharp report of a pistol, and the ruffian staggered and fell headlong.

"Two can play at that game," continued the voice, as its owner stalked into the room. "I'm Bill Grubb, the scout. I've pinked an infernal thief and rascal. If he's got any friend as wants to take it up I'll take him at ten paces."

"Fight for that critter?" cried the man who had risen from the card party. "Not if I know myself. I know him like a book. He was hunted out of Washoe three years ago by a vigilance committee, for a bloody murder. He only saved his neck by taking to his heels."

"He's dead as a door-nail, now, anyhow," said the bartender. "I know the critter. He ain't no loss to society."

Pete had fallen back with a nervous revulsion in a chair. He was not yet hardened to such scenes and perils. The dog was affectionately licking his hand.

"You're a sesh, Nicodemus, you are," said Pete, with a return of his old humor. "And I owe you one, Bill Grubb. Pay it back some time afore we part. Where's the gal, that's the next question?"

"What gal?" asked the card-player.

"This deal card-stick. The gal on our train at Gravelly Ford. We've chased him ever since at top speed, and just holed him here. He'd throwed us now if it weren't for the dog. It's you I'm talkin' about, Nicodemus."

"It's a daughter of Mr. Ellis, of Virginia City," said the scout.

"What! John Ellis?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Don't if he made his fortune in these dig-gins. Stole Jack Ellis' daughter, eh? What for?"

"Dunno," said Pete. "Wanted to bleed the daddy, I reckon. What did he do with the gal, that's the question?"

"In there," said the bartender, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

Pete's movement toward the inner portion of the house was hindered by the vision of a flying child, who came bursting through an inner door, and flinging her arms with a choking clasp round his neck.

"Oh, Pete! Pete!" cried the well-known voice of Minnie Ellis. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Take me out of this horrible, horrible place! Quick, Pete, before that dreadful man comes!"

Pete, fearful lest she should see the spectacle on the floor, lifted her in his arms, and bore her through the gathering crowd at the door.

"You'll never be troubled with him ag'in, Minnie," he said. "Pityance Pete's about now. Don't lose sight of you ag'in, nohow."

"Oh, Pete!" she continued. "I'll never get over my fright. He made so much of me, and coaxed me out of the wagon to see the sun rise over the mountains, and then put me on horse-back and ran away with me. Oh, how I prayed for you have the dreadful days!"

"You have me now," said Pete. "And he won't trouble you no more."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"There, Minnie, my gal, don't be askin' questions. And here's Nicodemus, too, you ain't seen."

The dog was frisking gladly about them. Minnie, whom Pete had now placed on the ground, stooped and patted him with childish gladness. She had no words to express her gratitude for this deliverance.

"Hurry up, Pete," said Bill Grubb, who had now left the saloon and made his way through the gathering crowd. "Dead men don't kick, and it ain't counted no harm in Austin to shoot a thief. But there ain't no telling how people's notions may turn; and there's a queer crowd here; the feller mought have friends. Best hunt up Tom, and make tracks while we're on the safe side."

They had no difficulty in finding Tom, whom they met proceeding toward the center of the excitement. A few words revealed to him the startling success they had had.

People were still pressing toward the "Miner's Delight," and Tom agreed with his comrade that the sooner they got out of the town the better it might prove for their health.

In half an hour more they were mounted and leaving the town. Minnie on Pete's saddle, and Nicodemus running proudly in advance.

They camped out that night about ten miles from Austin.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GLAD SURPRISE.

THE ride over to Virginia City was long and rugged. They proceeded slowly, Minnie being too much exhausted by her previous journey to bear any rapid traveling.

The child had evidently suffered deeply with terror, grief and weariness, and her whole nervous organization seemed to be unstrung. An involuntary trembling possessed her, and it seemed as if the color would never return to her pallid cheeks.

Her companions were all very kind to her, wrapping her carefully in their blankets at night to preserve her from the chill of the mountain air, and being assiduous in their attentions to her during the day.

Pete, particularly, could not do enough to make her comfortable, and she expressed her sense of his kindness by the grateful look in her large, clear eyes, and by the confiding way in which she clung to his waist during their long rides.

Children soon throw off the memory and the effect of troubles, and Minnie's spirits gradually brightened as they rode on over long, sloping valleys, and through passes in the frequent mountain ranges which cover the whole width of Nevada in rapid succession.

The shock, however, had been too great for her to recover from it immediately.

"Blamed lucky I happened to hear the hubbub at the 'Miner's Delight,'" said Bill. "I was twisting down that way, you see, and the first thing I heered was the dog giving tongue. I knowed there was something loose then, and trotted down just in time to take a hand."

"It were gittin' kinder warm," said Pete. "The kurnel died game."

"Died!" repeated Minnie, with a shudder. "Now, now, Minnie, gal, we're forgettin' you, that's sure," said Pete, in a depreciating tone. "Anyhow, the feller's been playin' rascal all his life, and he only got what he bid for."

"Is he dead?" she asked, trembling.

"He's gone under, Minnie. He pulled out a big knife, you see, and was just goin' to carve me, when Bill Grubb drew a bead on him and he went down."

"Did he shoot him?"

"Don't talk no more about the white-livered reprobat," said the scout. "He just got what he fished for. He won't trouble you nor nobody else no more, gal."

"It is too dreadful to think of," said Minnie, her lips white with emotion.

"It is my notion that we got out of Austin in safe time," said Tom. "I'm allow, and some of the folks must have thought we were doing a good thing for society, or they wouldn't have let us off so easy. But there's no tellin' how men's minds will work, and we're best outside."

"Get off the pretty safe, that's certain," said Bill. "And ain't had the trouble I was afraid of with Injuns, coming over. Tain't altogether safe for a party of our size to cross the desert, but I ain't seen nothing of more account than a Digger yet."

"And fifty miles more will take us into Virginia," said Tom.

They were now crossing a wide, level, desolate plain, with nothing resembling vegetation save an occasional patch of the dreary sage brush, which is the main vegetable production of these barren regions.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. The sun, which was climbing up the eastern sky behind them, threw their shadows far out in advance toward the long range of hills which they could see rising in the far distance.

Mile after mile they rode on toward these hills, which seemed to approach with infinite slowness. There was no water on this plain, the loose alkaline earth drinking up its liquid treasures with the most thirsty avidity. They felt anxious, therefore, to reach the hills, with the hope of finding water and provender for their horses.

It was approaching noon when they at length drew near the hills, which loomed into double hills, the loose alkaline earth drinking up its liquid treasures with the most thirsty avidity. They felt anxious, therefore, to reach the hills, with the hope of finding water and provender for their horses.

There was water now, or something that shines like it, said Tom, pointing to a small pool of water at a point yet several miles distant, near the base of the range. A faint glimmer met their eyes, whose nature could not yet be fully determined.

"If it is a run of water it must come from an opening in the hills," said Bill. "We'll likely find there the pass we want."

"What is that thing close in to the rock?" asked Pete. "I just then saw it move."

"I saw it, too," said Minnie. "It looked like the waving branch of a tree, or a bush. The scout's eyes were fixed with scrutinizing glance on the point in question. He drew near to Tom and spoke to him in a low tone.

"Hold back a bit, Pete," said the scout. "Let us two ride ahead."

Pete did so without asking any questions. He had an apprehension of danger, but did not wish Minnie to become alarmed.

There was nothing now visible but the bare rock. They rode forward more slowly, the two men laying their rifles on the saddles before them.

Pete emulated them in this movement. Minnie, however, with distended eyes, but silently. She felt that there was some new peril threatening, but had too much confidence in her companions to give way to terror.

"Hold on to me tight, Minnie," said Pete. "Mought have to ride hard, yer know."

"They were now but an eighth of a mile distant from what proved to be, in reality, a stream of water, flowing from the jaws of a pass in the hills.

"Swear I don't see nothing," said Bill. "Not even a shadow."

He was answered by the sudden emergence of a dozen mounted Indians, who rode out from the pass at full speed, and maneuvered their swift ponies with evident intention to surround the small group of travelers.

A faint scream broke from Minnie's lips, as she clung with a convulsive clasp to Pete's waist.

"Don't get skeered, gal," he said, somewhat sternly. "A screechin' Injun ain't sartin death, nohow you kin fix it."

"Quick! Into the rock! There's a hollow there will just hold us," said Bill hastily. "Don't let the yellin' devils get round us."

They were between the savages and the base of the hills, and drew quickly into the natural fastness alluded to, backing their horses up against the rock and confronting their foes.

The savages rode in a half circle round them, with blood-curdling yells. They seemed to be endeavoring to frighten the whites. Their arms consisted only of bows and arrows, and the inevitable tomahawk.

"Git back now, and save your 'tarnal throats!" cried Tom, angrily. "I'll fling an ounce of lead into some of your bread-baskets if you don't."

"No hurt white men," said one of the Indians, riding boldly forward. "White men give us shoot-guns. We let um go."

"I bet it ain't in your red hides to stop us," said Bill, grimly. "Back, now, or I'll bore you with our horses."

He lifted his rifle so threateningly that the savage drew hastily back. An arrow, the next instant, struck the rock above their heads, as if the savages were determining to bring them to their senses.

It was answered by the report of Bill Grubb's rifle, and one of the Indian horses fell dead to the ground, flinging its rider heavily.

"That's fit for 'at," muttered the scout. A flight of a dozen arrows followed, evidently aimed to hurt. Pete felt a sharp twinge of pain beneath him. He had seated himself so as to cover Minnie.

He raised his weapon, and, with quick aim, fired back. The report was simultaneous with that from Tom Wilson's weapon.

Two of the savages reeled in their saddles. One fell by the report of the angry scout's rifle. The discharge was answered by a revengeful yell, and a second flight of arrows. The savages rode boldly in, as if with the impression that their foes were now defenseless.

They were taught better than this by the sharp reports of a brace of pistols. Another of them fell to the ground. Pete's pistol wounded one of the horses, which turned and ran off at full speed.

Admonished of the danger of coming to close quarters, the savages hastily drew off to a distance, and commenced pouring in their arrows at a dangerous rate, so concealing themselves behind their swiftly-running horses that no bullet could reach them.

"This is getting infernal hot," growled Tom. "I've got half a dozen nasty scratches already. We must take their plan and make a breastwork of these rocks."

The scouts sprung to the ground. Pete handed down Minnie to his friend, and then, for an instant, stood erect on his horse, emptying two chambers of his pistol at the foe. One of the flying horses tumbled and fell, burying his rider beneath him. Pete sprang to the ground in time to avoid a flight of arrows.

The savages were now doubly cautious. It was impossible to get a safe shot at them, while they had a good target in the motionless animals of the scouts.

The scouts' purpose to wound and stampede these animals, nor was their object successful, for Tom's horse, reeve from a sharp arrow wound in his side, tore the rein from his rider's hand, and galloped out into the plain.

The yell of triumph of the savages was cut short by the report of the angry scout's rifle, which he had succeeded in reloading. The ball crashed through the head of one of the Indians, which had been for a moment shown.

As if in echo of this a pair of rifle-shots followed, and two more saddles were emptied in the same way.

The small remainder of the Indian party rode off in dismay, at the same time that a group of horsemen rode out from the pass, several of them chasing the flying savages.

Our friends waited in wonder for the arrival of this reinforcement. Minnie clung to Pete's hands, trembling violently with excitement. Nicodemus, who had crouched down by the rock during the fray, was now snarling and biting at one of the fallen Indians.

At the head of the approaching party was a stalwart, handsome man, of middle age. He rode up and scanned the sunburnt faces of the scouts.

"I am John Ellis, of Virginia City," he said, as he dismounted.

A faint scream from behind met his ears. Minnie, who had been with the lightness of a fawn, and buried herself in his arms.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried. "Oh, my dear, good papa! I've come so many miles to you, and through such dreadful scenes. Isn't it good you came in time to save us?"

"Get off the pretty safe, that's certain," said Bill. "And this is Pityance Pete. And there is Nicodemus. Oh, I'm so happy!"

"And this is my little daughter?" he said, gazing fondly down on the nestling child.

"Where is the villain who stole her?"

"He's dead, and he's been hanged," said Bill. "Gone under," was Bill Grubb's sententious reply.

"And you rescued her, my good friends," he said, with a grateful look. "I got word by a rider from your train, and came out here to meet you. In time, too, it seems."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

One Thousand Dollars Reward.

BY HENRI MONTCAIM.

LIFE is full of mystery; and Mrs. Hubbard's life had been not only full but running over with it ever since she had had a summer boarder. He had been with her now ever since the first of June, nearly a month, and the good woman, enterprising as she always was in inquiring into other people's affairs, knew absolutely nothing more about Mr. Raimund than she did in the first place. He was handsome and gentlemanly and rich—all that was apparent from the beginning, and anybody could see it; but of his personal affairs, where he came from, and who were his friends, he never said a word, but settled down to a summer's rest at the old farm-house, smoking and reading and philosophizing, minding his own business entirely, and once in a while insinuating in the most delicate manner possible that Mrs. Hubbard had better mind hers as well.

Madeline Hubbard was coming slowly along the road from the post office, glancing over the Berks County Examiner as she walked along. Raimund, with his pipe and book, was occupying two chairs out under the mulberry tree, and said something to her lazily as she opened the gate, whereupon she blushed and laughed. Life had been a different thing to Madeline since the handsome stranger came among them. The skies never had been so blue, the trees never so green, and the birds never so blithe as when he came.

It was as if the girl stood there beside him that the man was a good deal to her—much more, no doubt, than she could be to him—plain enough to him, be sure—man of the world that he was. Yet whoever Raimund might be, he certainly was a gentleman at heart. For knowing well that she was very fair to look upon, yet he had never in any way taken advantage of his position—never ventured upon anything more familiar than a pleasant talk now and then or a walk home from the village church.

Mrs. Hubbard came to the farm-house door, her hands and apron covered with flour, and called to Madeline. The girl turned slowly toward her. She had been thinking of something on her way up the road.

"Mother," she said, all at once, "is father going to take us to the Centennial?"

"Law, child, not this year. Times is wuss'n ever, and 'twould cost a heap of money to go to Philadelphia."

"But everybody is going, mother."

"Who's everybody? We ain't going, nor your uncle Northing, nor Miss Shepard."

"All the girls at the school were going, and I shall be ashamed to go back in the fall and not say I have been, too."

Madeline, for a year past, had been at the State Normal School fitting for a teacher.

Mrs. Hubbard did not say any more, but went back to her baking. Madeline sat down on the stone steps and glanced over the paper

again. Presently once more she called to her mother through the open door.

"Mother, I've made up my mind that I shall go, some time between now and October."

"Then you'll have to go alone and pay your own expenses," shouted back Mrs. Hubbard. "Where'll you get the money?"

"I don't know, but I'll get it somewhere," and Madeline got up now and went in. And Raimund, who had been pretending to read but really listening attentively, blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and said, half-aloud:

"Good for you, Miss Madeline. You're the right sort; and if you do get the money all yourself then I'll marry you."

Later than this, after supper, Raimund had wandered off to the Corners, and Farmer Hubbard sat in the old-fashioned kitchen reading from the Examiner to his wife and Madeline as they cleared away the supper. There had been more talk of the Centennial during the meal. Presently the good farmer looked up from his paper and said:

"Here, Mad, here's a chance for you. I guess a thousand dollars would take you to Philadelphia in fine style. Why don't you hunt up that fellow?" and he read off the following advertisement:

\$1,000 REWARD!

The above sum will be paid for information leading to the arrest of Waldo Legrange Allison, late assistant cashier of the — Bank. Allison is twenty-seven years of age, five feet nine inches in height, dark complexion, with curly black hair, black eyes and mustache, always fashionably dressed. Is slightly lame in left foot.

Then followed a long description of the fugitive's offense which had been more than once republished, yet which Mr. Hubbard read now with as much interest as ever. It seemed that young Allison in the usual fashion had lived far beyond his means, taken to fast horses and fast society and had been obliged to draw up on the funds of the bank for the bulk of his income. On the twenty-seventh of May last he had helped himself to all the money he could then lay hands on (some twenty-five thousand dollars) and since then had been missing.

The board of directors were exceedingly anxious to learn of his whereabouts and were willing to pay a thousand dollars for information of the same.

Madeline did not take much part in what was said about all this. There were a great many thoughts running through her mind as she wiped the dishes and put them away. And as soon as possible she hurried away to her own room up-stairs. There she sat down at the little window with the white curtain flapping in the evening breeze and looked out upon the yard and mulberry trees. Madeline was putting this and that together in her mind, and the result thought disturbed her.

She was thinking how one day, more than a week ago, she had gone out under the mulberry-tree and found Raimund cutting letters in the bark. He was just finishing when she came up, and she had said, "So now, sir, I shall find out what your initials are." And he had laughed and said yes; he was caught, sure enough; and then suddenly he had flushed up and looked confused and with one stroke of his knife cut the bark from the tree so that the letters were no longer legible. And she remembered how a dull pain had shot through her heart as she thought that he had been thinking of some girl he had left behind him and was cutting her name on the tree. That was why he had flushed when she spoke to him. She had said nothing more then, but later she had wondered what her name could be, for she remembered distinctly what the letters were—they were plainly cut, the W. L. A., and she had seen them plainly, too. But now she was turning over in her mind a very strange coincidence. Those three letters were the initials of Waldo Legrange Allison, the man in the advertisement, and she was wondering if this fact had any significance. Then she remembered, too, how one day she had seen in Raimund's room a little red Testament, and on the fly-leaf as it lay open she had read, "To Waldo, from Grandma Legrange." Could all this coincidence of names be mere accident? Such uncommon names, too. Had Raimund forgotten himself that day out under the tree and cut his own initials in the bark? And was it possible that he was the fugitive cashier? She had not dared to think the thought before but she thought it now, and as she mentally compared the two—Raimund as she called him up before her, and Allison as the advertisement described him—she felt that they might well be the same. Raimund was dark, too, and his hair black and curly, or would be if he did not keep it so short. And his eyes were black also and his mustache—she had often wondered why he did not wear a mustache, since his was one of those faces it becomes. And now too she remembered, as she mused, how one evening they had come home together across the fields and Raimund had complained of being tired and finally had limped so that she asked him if he had sprained his ankle. And he had answered lightly that it was nothing, and in the morning walked as usual.

And just then Raimund came along the road again, and as she looked at him, it all came over her with a certainty, that amounted to conviction, that Raimund was a fugitive from justice. Madeline was a girl who often jumped to her conclusions, and she jumped to this conclusion now; and when Raimund passed into the door below and out of her sight she went and flung herself on the bed and wept bitterly. Poor girl! She had forgotten all about going to the Centennial now. She only knew that Raimund was a thief and that she loved him.

One hot afternoon in early July two men drove along the road and in at the farm-house gate. Madeline saw them from her window, and recognizing one of them divined at once their errand. The man driving was Mr. Ledyard, the county sheriff. His companion was a stranger, a sharp, determined-looking man, whom Madeline had instinctively disliked. And they had come for Raimund. The girl knew it well, even before the sheriff got out and came up to the door and she heard him ask for the young man.

And, realizing the situation fully, Madeline went up her mind at once what she would do. They should never take him if she could help it. So she went to the stairway.

"Madeline," called her mother, "see if Mr. Raimund is up there. Some gentlemen want to see him on business."

"He isn't in his room, mother," Madeline answered, without hesitation; "he went off right after dinner, down to the Willows to fish. He won't be back until night."

They would know where the Willows were, a good two miles away. And if they would only go down there in search of him. There was some talk below, and then Mrs. Hubbard called again:

"Look in his room and be sure he ain't in, Madeline. The gentlemen is very particular."

So Madeline, to satisfy them, went to Mr. Raimund's door and knocked, and then opened it and looked in. He was not there, she

well knew, and she was thankful for it, for the determined-looking man had come up to the head of the stairs and was watching her.

"I'm sorry not to find him," he said to her. "However, if I don't find him at the place you say, we will come back here. And so he went down again and without a word and stood beside her. She held out her hand to him.

"Mr. Raimund, I don't know anything about it, and I don't want you to tell me anything. Only I think you had better go away at once. The sheriff and another man were just here after you. I have sent them off to the Willows. I think the other man was a detective."

She stopped speaking and stood looking at him and waiting. He did not seem startled or surprised. A certain hard look had come into his eyes like a man brought to bay. Madeline saw it, and her countenance fell. He was a thief then. She had known it, and yet she had hoped there was some mistake. Then, as he looked at her his glance grew softer. He had not let go her hand. Now he pressed it warmly.



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MR. MORRIS' NEW STORY!

"Nobody's Boy" Greatly Outdone!

IN OUR NEXT COMMENCES

THE GAMIN DETECTIVE;

OR,

Willful Will, the Boy Clerk!

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY."

A story may be ever so original and yet be stupid enough, but one that is both a decided original, and good and taking, is something readers are eager enough for; and this is exactly what they have in this remarkably

BRIGHT AND SPIRITED STORY

of a bright and spirited lad, who, brought up literally on the curbstones, yet forces his way into prominence by his own peculiar tact, energy and wit. But, with the process of turning the Gamin into the successful man, there is a train of experiences, adventures and exploits that none but a real Street Arab could have been the hero of, and out of them springs a very novel novel, pervaded throughout by

EXCITEMENT, MYSTERY, PASSION,

and the deepest personal interest, both in the Gamin Detective, and in his really glorious sister, who, though not known to be such, yet becomes a heroine in the strange and eventful drama that directs the destiny of the two young persons, and decides the fate of three or four men, whose subtle plots and devious ways

THE BRAVE BOY CLERK

was sharp enough to penetrate and expose. It is the best story printed for a long time, wholly devoid of that taint of vicious teaching and example which is the worst feature of the so-called boys' papers; and in Willful Will's career all read a lesson at once encouraging, suggestive, and ennobling. Such we wish all our stories to be, whether for old boys or young.

THE GIRL RIVALS!

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BRAVE BARBARA," "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

A Heart Romance—a powerful Love Story—a novel of City and Country life—a tale of deepest passion, feeling, and action—this serial will attract and enchant by its combined grace, sweetness, and power, its strong portrayal of character, its complicated situations and the commanding interest of plot. No authorless novel writing for the American press has won a firmer hold on the public, and this will measurably add to her fame. Soon to be given.

Sunshine Papers.

The Hand-Organ Man.

Musical charms, 'tis said, to soothe the savage soul. Yes, and it hath power to arouse all the savagery of the soul, too, on occasion. Such occasions, for instance, as being awakened by a hand-organ, grinding out the "Mabel Waltz" under your window, at seven o'clock in the morning, when you have waltzed all night.

If there is one man in the community who is a generally recognized nuisance, but a nuisance of which we find it impossible to rid ourselves, although we are assailed with the temptation to speak naughty words of him six days out of every seven, it is the hand-organ man. If you are a pious family, he never fails to stop in front of your windows at the exact moment when the family are gathered for morning devotions, and strike up a dancing tune—"Starry Night for a Ramble," "Little Brown Jug," or "Pull Down the Blinds," much to the discomfort of the head of the family, who, perhaps, at that moment, is praying, "From all these things, good Lord, deliver us"; and thereby creating a mental disturbance among the younger members who quite forget to say "Amen!" in their haste to get out on the sidewalk and view the musical machine, or cut a few pirouettes around the room. And if you are a generous family, and have selected some pitiful member of the hand-organ profession as a regular recipient of your bounty, he is sure to come when there is no change in the house, the children are gone to school, the servant is on the top floor, and the mistress' hands in the bread dough. There he will stand, by the window, and grind out his melodies, with a plaintive, pleading undertone that is fairly heart-rending to the kind mistress of the house.

Do you ever have a sick headache—one of those blinding headaches, when a ray of light in the room is torture, and the slightest continuation of sound or discordant sound sets all the nerves ajar and produces agonizing pain? Yes! Then you know to the full how to appreciate the hand-organ man! Could the tortures of the Inquisition have been more diabolical than those you suffer as the faint, wheezing notes of a distant, advancing hand-organ break upon the stillness which pervades your darkened room, and has just commenced to affect with careful influence your throbbing temples and disordered nerves? With every instinct on the *qui vive*; with pulses at throat and temples bounding as if they would break through their delicate channels; with your whole body in that highly-wrought, painful, expectant state, when it seems as if the next movement or sound, which becomes apparent to the senses, would conquer all effort at self-control and force you to voice your pain in shrieks; you listen—listen as one might for a death-warrant—to discover if that horrible musical instrument is coming nearer. Yes, steadily it advances, ground by some savage hand that jerks out discordantly the tunes over the wheezy, rheumatic keys, until at length it is directly under your window. You lie and groan in unutterable anguish, and wonder where all the household may be that they are allowing the continuation of such terrible torture. Perhaps they are all busy, and in their fond hearts imagining that you have fallen into a slumber; and so the torture goes on—"Mollie darling, let your answer be a kiss," "Meet me in the park, if the weather is clear," "Spring, spring, lovely spring," until in direct desperation and—without a trace of pious feeling—you spring from your bed, fling open the blinds, letting in a glare of sunshine that thrills you with agony as if it fell directly upon bare nerves, and seizing your pocket-book, throw a handful of specie out in the street. By the time you have finished closing the blinds, and thrown yourself back upon the bed, you are so deathly faint and sick and upon the verge of hysteria, that you are—well-nigh—ready to curse the hand-organ man, and die!

Ah! it is evident that Sir A. Hunt, who wrote of music, "It is the medicine of the breaking heart," and the person who said music hath power to soothe the savage soul, knew nothing about the hand-organ man!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Foolsap Papers.

What I Know About Music.

If you have not anything to do for a few minutes, I will lay this accordion aside, and we will talk a little about music, which I know all about and hate to keep my knowledge of it for fear that it will spoil on my hands, and you know what spoiled music is.

The true definition of music is, sound, with all the noise jerked out of it, and it must be heard to be fully appreciated. You can look at a whole stack of written music of the finest order, but you can get no more idea of its sweetness than you can by looking at a roasted turkey and not eating it.

Music is that goes in one ear and not out of the other; is the most to be preferred, and there are only a few of us who can make that kind of music; and in making that, you will find it necessary to pick out a whole lot of sweet sounds and put them together in a row; the selection requires great care; you must take each sound separately, hold it in your hand, and rap it with your knuckles to see if it is not cracked; then you ram them all into your flute, or bass drum, and blow out at your leisure. My neighbors used to say I could play more than anybody else; this was a pretty high compliment, and I renewed my exertions. There is nothing like a little timely encouragement as you go along.

Musical is written on lines that look like a fence, called a staff, and the little black dots with tails to them, which look like tadpoles hanging on the different boards of the musical fence, have got more music in them than you would ever imagine could be squeezed out.

I learned to sing by first chalking the notes on our back fence and then climbing up, and yelling each note out as I ascended the boards, and if I fell over from the top all those different notes would come out of my mouth in a lump, in one grand solo. In this way I got very proficient in the writing of music; some pieces which I wrote even puzzled a regular professor, with a diploma, so much that he had to acknowledge, in profane terms, it could not be played, and that no man living could ever make anything out of it. You see this comes from long practice, and it is a difficult matter to write difficult music.

Why, when I sit down at the piano, people have to hold their ears; the music is too intense and ravishing; they can't stand it; yet I am very modest, and don't brag much about it. While in playing the piano I seldom look where my fingers fall on the keys, it does not matter with me, at all; music is sure to come, if the crowd does go.

In singing, the bass has to get under the fence, and the alto straddles the top board, and have frequently, in singing alto, had to tie a string to my voice to keep it from getting away from me, and it has sometimes gone clear out of sight, and I had to wait for it to come back again; and in singing bass, I have got so low that I often ran the whole thing in the ground. I sing very sweetly. The range of my voice is from A to C, and it has been remarked by high authority that it is as flexible as a cheap shirt bosom does go.

I used to tune my voice to the music of the hinges of a barn-door, and you know that is a big thing, and there is also more music in the swinging of gates than you perhaps imagine.

There is one bad thing about music, and that is, when a fine piece is performed it does not last, but is gone, and nobody knows where, and I don't see why some one don't invent a plan to preserve it, say, in bottles.

I have caught tunes frequently, chased them down the road, and finally ran them into a fence corner, but, after you catch them, you have to handle them as carefully as a ragged dollar bill.

I have also picked up tunes while I was walking along the road, and put them in my pocket.

I used to start the tunes with a pitch-fork, though it was a little straining on my jaws to bite it, but all the tuning-forks in the world could not pitch music into some people.

Some persons have fine large ears for music; but the trouble is they are all ears.

Musical is thin and ethereal. I have a piece of my own composing, (I composed it with soothing syrup), which I play always at parties. It is very thin, but what it lacks in that it makes up in longitude. Somebody said it would become popular because it is long enough to reach clear around the world—and it is. It is written to be repeated seventeen times—and I always go by the notes.

There is a great deal of music in a violin. The little thing isn't very big, but it is chock full; though I have often looked into one and could see no music at all. If you want to learn to play nice tunes on a violin, you had

better buy an old one that is used to playing fine music. A new one has had no practice, and it is difficult to learn it to play anything. As for myself I can play excellently on a fiddle that hasn't got a string to its bow. Anybody, almost, can play on a fiddle—if he knows just exactly how to get it out; a little difficulty may lie just there.

I have got up a new system of notes, every one good for thirty days, by which the learner can learn, provided the teacher will take the notes for the instruction. (Inclose two stamps).

On the piano I have a strong touch, from the fact, perhaps, that I used to work at the blacksmith business, and they don't make the keys as strong as they ought to. People say they could die to hear the music I make, and that they would if they had a sufficient quantity of it. You see, my son, there is nothing like having a talent that is fully appreciated by the public, and I never made any pretensions.

I can set a piece of music before me, and take a bass drum, and play sweetly for half an hour at a time, without ever looking at the notes, and pay no attention to the rests in it.

Musical hath charms, my son. Those young ladies over the way there, in the course of a hundred years, will almost become proficient musicians if they work as hard at it as they have for the last eight years. They need encouragement, but I haven't any to give.

I have written pieces of music so perfect that they played themselves, requiring no instrument, and they had to be cut in two, put in tight boxes, and one placed in the barn, and the other in the wood shed under the chips. But I try not to compose that way—and generally succeed.

You see, there is very little discount on my notes, and they are the staff I generally lean on.

The beauties of the hand-organ, my son, have never been fully estimated or appreciated. A year or so of practice will enable you to execute all the airs that are in it, and make you a perfect organist, and in great demand at the churches. You can turn the crank and turn many an honest penny. I shall get you one before long for a present, if you are a good boy and don't mind yourself so much, and nobody else; and, as a little preparatory exercise, you can come out here and turn the grindstone, for you have put a nick in the ax that will take several nicks of time to obliterate. Don't growl. I know the ice is thick enough, but your exercise is too thin.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

LITTLE words to utter, simple ones to write, yet how hard they find their precepts to carry into practice! How often we feel "cranky," and cross, and act like "Sancho," or some other inexplicable being; and that is just the time when we should run away and be by ourselves until our passion has cooled down and until we feel more amiable toward ourselves and those around us. But that is just the time when we don't do anything of the sort. No; we heap our indignation and malice upon all whom we come across. We are so wrought up that we do not know exactly what we do say, and, because we do not, we say exactly those things which we ought not to say. All our harsh thoughts come to the surface then, and we abuse and berate our neighbor to our heart's content, and we don't become any happier while we are doing it.

When we come to our senses, how mean and despicable we feel; how more than foolish—how wicked—our conduct appears to us! If we write a spiteful letter, we can tear it into shreds, but it is impossible to recall words that have once been spoken. Oh, how we wish we could, but wish is of no avail in that case. What can we do but utter those simple words, forgive and forget?

We find it very hard to forgive and forget, and yet we are continually asking others to do so. I have often wondered which is the hardest to do: to forgive a wrong or to forget one. "We should do both," you say? I am well aware of that, but we should do lots and lots of things which we don't do because we are so far from being those paragons of perfection we often imagine ourselves to be!

As to forgiving, I do think many of us are just charitable enough to do that. When a person is sorry for what they have done, and are truly and sincerely repentant, and ask for pardon, hard indeed must be the heart that would refuse to grant absolution. We have too much need of forgiveness ourselves to withhold it from others. We feel it must be painful to have done some evil, for which forgiveness is withheld, and it is easy to say, "I forgive you."

The forgetting is much harder. There are times when the memory of the "slings and arrows" which have been hurled at you still rankle in your heart, and the memory causes you much sadness; for, though your friend has turned to foe and then to friend again, you still remember the bitter more than the sweet. You think the conduct of the foe has outweighed the goodness of the friend, when, perhaps, the reverse may be the case.

Memory is not like pencil-marks that may be rubbed out with a piece of rubber—sometimes thoughts are branded in as with a hot iron. We want to forget, we long to do so, but we cannot; thoughts will assume shapes, and shapes that are by no means beautiful.

Let us take a case. A is poor, B is rich. B refuses to give A any aid because he is poor, and taunts him with his poverty. By a turn of Fortune's wheel A and B change positions, and B asks A for work and is not refused. A forgives B for his former harshness, but he cannot forget the past; if he were a saint he might do so, but because he is an ordinary mortal he cannot.

We would have less to forgive and forget were we willing to give in just a little to others' opinions and put up with others' tempers. This "flaring up" at trifles does no good—this taking offense where none is meant is not profitable, and this over-sensitiveness will not pay. Whoever feels happier for having escaped oneself from society, by live under every log, stone, and brush-pile; they are worse than office-holders in Washington; they are a heavier burden than the internal revenue tax; they will invade a miner's sanctum by day and by night; they will come in tens and fifties and hundreds, and bring their families with them; they will open flour-sacks and spill all the flour; they will steal your sugar, pack off your coffee, nibble your bread into crumbs, defile your beefsteak, tear up your letters, hide your only pair of socks, and take all the starch out of your Sunday shirt, and make themselves generally disagreeable. The miners first adopted the plan of shooting their heads off, and found for every chipmunk that was killed one day, there would be ten hungry ones applying for his situation before sun-up the next morning. Wild geese and ducks are plentiful on all the streams in the fall and spring. Prairie chickens are very numerous all the year around in the foot-hills. Sage-hens are very abundant in the timber near the prairies.

EYE LAWLESS.

Topics of the Time.

An immense spring exodus to the Black Hills is predicted. Ten dollars a day, and no "Injuns."

It is proposed to cut a broad canal from Manchester, in England, to the river Mersey. Manchester hopes shortly to be a port of entry, accommodating vessels of 4,000 tons. A ship canal is also projected between the North Sea and the Baltic.

Storey county, Nevada, is one of the richest counties in the United States. The bonanza mines are situated in it, and they yield their product of wealth every month with invariable uniformity. Its yield of gold and silver bullion for the quarter ending September 30th was \$8,742,400.

Here is a specimen bet made by six men in Rhode Island. Each of the losing three must give, every two hours, three plates of soup, made of one hind-leg of a dog, one hind-leg of a cat, four rats' legs, six chickens' legs, and ten frogs' hind-legs. The seasoning and vegetables will be discretionary with the cook, who must be paid \$25 by the losers.

A new ink has recently been perfected which threatens to revolutionize stationery. A perfectly white ink has been manufactured which flows freely from a fine or coarse pen, makes a delicate hair-line and dries quickly. This ink will require dark paper, and several styles already have been introduced. One is L'Orient, a deep black paper, and there are several styles of fancy colors.

In the Department of Biscay, France, every land owner must plant two saplings for every timber-tree he cuts down. In Java the birth of every child is celebrated by planting a fruit-tree, which is as carefully tended as the record of the age of the child whose birth it registers. Here we do things differently. We cut down a tree, and then we plant a new one in its place. After a generation or two more we'll discover our mistake and go to planting trees instead of houses.

How they do things in Wyoming Territory! This amusingly told by the Cheyenne Leader: "Dexter, the tamer of bovine animals, created a great sensation on the streets yesterday by appearing in a carriage drawn by four milk-white oxen, all in harness, and driven tandem. The gay and festive-looking beasts pranced along in fine style—heads up and tails a-rising," as our John would say. Governor Thayer was invited to take a ride, and was driven about for some time by Dexter. Other gentlemen also enjoyed the novelty. Dexter says that either of his oxen can trot a mile in 3.47. He offers to bet any amount of money that he can load a wagon with 4,500 pounds of freight, attach his four oxen, and make the time to Deadwood, within any four-hour or mile team with the same load can possibly do."

As to an execution by the guillotine, we are told that the whole thing is exceedingly simple. The criminal is placed before the bascule, which falls, bearing him with it. The bascule is then propelled swiftly toward the lunette, the upper part of which is raised. This upper part is instantly lowered as soon as the criminal's head and neck pass through the opening. He is always so placed as to fall face downward, so that he may be spared the sight of the knife in its descent. One of the assistants then seizes the head, by the hair to prevent any convulsive movement after decapitation that might bring it within view of the spectators. The executioner then pulls a cord which releases the knife, which flashes downward. The body is then by the aid of the bascule tilted into its cover basket that stands at one side with its cover raised, ready to receive it, the head is thrown in a plaster, and the whole affair is over.

The king of Burmah is very proud of his new Krupp gun, and lately amused himself by throwing shot with it into the Irrawaddy river. One struck a rice-laden dhow, which sunk. The king's captain. The king was in raptures, for he had pointed the gun himself. Shells were then tried at long ranges, a village on the opposite bank being the target. All Mandalay turned out to watch the sport, and the village was soon in flames. The inhabitants trimmed the king's hair in such a comical manner that his majesty laughed heartily. Then the crowd on the Mandalay side tempted the military ardor of the gracious sovereign, who canistered the crowd instantly scattered, leaving some twenty men, women and children dead on the ground. His majesty was highly amused; the next criminal is to be blown from the mouth of his gun after the English fashion. The king feels quite equal to the exigencies of a European war.

Pottstown, Pa., can boast of as great a curiosity as nearly any town in the Union. "We speak of the Ringing Rocks," says the Philadelphia Press, "that are situated three and a half miles north-east of Pottstown post-office. We started early in the morning, and after walking through a forest of trees, we reached a scene of scenery as can be found in this State, we came in sight of therocks. A wider-looking place it is hard to imagine. On the rocks are advertisements and autographs of people from all parts of the State. There is an eating and refreshment stand close by for parties, etc. On striking the rocks with a hammer they send forth as rich and delicate sounds as the finest music-box. By striking different rocks we get sounds of every note of an octave, and it is certainly the oddest freak of nature we have ever seen. The rocks cover about one acre of ground, and are a perfect mass of confusion, being piled together as if they had been upheaved by an eruption. They are visited every summer by hundreds of people."

The territory now known as the State of Wisconsin was claimed by France, on the ground of discovery by its missionaries and teachers in 1690, who governed it until they ceded it to Great Britain in 1763. It was held by the British nation until 1782, when she ceded all her possessions North-east of the Ohio to the United States. Wisconsin was then thrown under the Territorial Government of Ohio by the ordinance of 1787. On the 4th of July, 1800, Indian Territory was organized, and it was attached to that territory until April 18, 1818, when Illinois became a State. It was then attached to the Territory of Wisconsin, July 4, 1836; so that Wisconsin was governed by the King of France twenty-three years; by the King of Great Britain twenty years; by the State of Virginia one year; by the Territory of Ohio sixteen years; by the United States nine years; by Illinois five years; by Michigan four years; by Wisconsin eighteen years. She continued a territory of the United States nearly twelve years, when on the 13th of March, 1848, she became the thirtieth State of the American Union.

Life in the Black Hills "diggin's" is not all peace, for it is told that chipmunks, or ground squirrels, are thicker than fleas in Egypt and are the pest of society. They live under every log, stone, and brush-pile; they are worse than office-holders in Washington; they are a heavier burden than the internal revenue tax; they will invade a miner's sanctum by day and by night; they will come in tens and fifties and hundreds, and bring their families with them; they will open flour-sacks and spill all the flour; they will steal your sugar, pack off your coffee, nibble your bread into crumbs, defile your beefsteak, tear up your letters, hide your only pair of socks, and take all the starch out of your Sunday shirt, and make themselves generally disagreeable. The miners first adopted the plan of shooting their heads off, and found for every chipmunk that was killed one day, there would be ten hungry ones applying for his situation before sun-up the next morning. Wild geese and ducks are plentiful on all the streams in the fall and spring. Prairie chickens are very numerous all the year around in the foot-hills. Sage-hens are very abundant in the timber near the prairies.

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Life in the

THE WORLD GOES LAUGHING BY.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

'Tis night. In a graveyard lone and drear—
Each white stone upstarting like an uncanny ghoul—
By a narrow grave, grass-grown and sear,
A woman kneels, with throbbing heart and
shrieking soul,
Crying softly—praying silently,
A sad, a mournful, a heartrending, wordless
prayer,
Crying softly—praying silently,
From the depths of a heart o'erfilled with pain
and care,
But the moon is smiling in the sky,
And the busy world goes laughing by!

Midnight. In a dark and loathsome jail—
The cell walls compassing him close, like coffin-
sides—
On a tumbled couch, wild-eyed and pale—
A murderer lies—while Time, unimpeded, onward
glides—
He hears the clock's slow, solemn clang—
Twelve deep, measured strokes—how like the
church bell's toll!
And he counts the hours till he must hang!
Despairful, praying tremblingly—"God take
my soul!"

But the moon is smiling in the sky,
And the busy world goes laughing by!

Care comes to all, and we all must mourn;
Each heart is filled with its own deep grief and
woe.

We oftentimes wish we had never been born;
But our dear Father, for our good, has willed
it so!

We mourn within and we smile without,
And the world, with a glance thinks we are
gay.

It mourns within and it smiles without,
It smiles, and mourns, and laughs and groans
like us to-day,
But while we're mourning, and while we die,
The great, busy world goes laughing by.

Great Captains.

RODNEY.

"Old Safe and Sure."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

To add to the glory of British arms at sea, at a time when disaster and disgrace attended them on land, was Rodney's good fortune. The more brilliant successes of Nelson, which supplemented Rodney's achievements, threw the latter, for a generation, into the background; but history, that metes its awards with inexorable justice, makes Rodney one of the most distinguished of English admirals. It assigns to him, as well, the credit of introducing the tactics which Nelson used with such splendid results, viz: sailing across and breaking through the enemy's line of battle. Prior to his time the recognized sea system had been to sail backward and forth, in line order, closing with antagonists only when the combat had to be decided by close quarter action. Out of this mechanical method Rodney stepped, when, in his greatest fleet combats, he ran his flagship directly across the enemy's line and as greatly confounded his opponents as Napoleon, in his first and second Italian campaigns, confounded the Austrians with his solid columns and fire-and-retire evolutions.

George Bridges Rodney, born in Surrey, Feb. 19th, 1718, was the son of a naval commander, and after a short season at school was sent to sea at twelve. The elder Rodney commanding the royal yacht, which conveyed George I. on his visits to his Hanover subjects, named the boy, with the king's permission, George, and Bridges with the assent of the Duke of Chandos. He thus became a protégé of the king, and his successor George II. carried out the first George's promise—to promote and advance the young officer as rapidly as his merits warranted. In 1739 he was lieutenant; in 1742 a captain; in 1748 he was sent to Newfoundland as governor and station commander-in-chief with the rank of commodore—a very responsible trust, which he seems to have discharged acceptably.

Returning home in 1752, he was elected to Parliament but kept at sea in the service, commanding three different ships of the line, and was made rear-admiral May 10th, 1759. The war known as our Old French War—which the American Colonies were waging against the French and Indians—made war between Great Britain and France which fully employed the naval forces of both countries. In 1759 and '60 Rodney bombarded the French port of Havre—the chief port of departure for French transports for Canada. Rodney held this place under surveillance and with his guns did much damage to town and shipping.

In 1761 he was sent as commander-in-chief to Barbadoes and the Windward Islands—very important English possessions in the West Indies, and chief source of sugar supply. The French were then masters of the Leeward Islands, equally important to France. Against these Rodney proceeded and reduced them all, in succession. At the peace of 1763, by which the French gave up all claims to Canada and the country west of the Alleghenies, the English restored the captured islands. Rodney then returned to England and received a baronetcy in recognition for his services.

Promotion followed. He became vice-admiral of the red and Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and in 1771 was sent out as Governor of Jamaica, remaining there until his recall in 1774. His style of living so much exceeded his income from this office that he returned home so embarrassed in money matters that to escape imprisonment for debt he fled to Paris, after his defeat for a seat in Parliament, from Northampton.

The war of the American Revolution found him in this unwilling exile. When France embarked in it by becoming our ally—thus to pay back to England some of the injuries England had inflicted on France in America—the Count de Sartiges presumed upon Rodney's wretched circumstances to offer him a high command in the French naval service; but the recalcitrant debtor rejected the proffer with such indignation that the count, a highly honorable man, reported the circumstance to the British ministry; whereupon he was requested, by Lord Sandwich, to return and resume his place in the British navy. Pending his return the Duc de Chartres, it is related, informed Sir George that a command in the fleet was to be given him (the duke) to operate against Admiral Keppel, and he asked the baronet what he thought would be the result of the meeting. "That my countryman will carry your Highness with him to learn English," was the prompt and significant reply.

The navy then was greatly scandalized by the recriminations between Admirals Keppel and Palliser, and Rodney was named rear admiral of the white—his friends arranging his money matters. With orders to again assume chief command on the Barbadoes station, he sailed late in 1779 with a fleet of twenty-two ships of the line and eight frigates. As Spain and France were then united against England, the fleets of both nations were to be confronted. Sir George had been out but ten days when he struck a transport fleet

running from Bilbao to Cadiz, under convoy of a 64 gun ship and five frigates. Of these he captured all the vessels-of-war, after a sharp chase and close action, and secured nineteen of the transports. On January 16th, (1780), he came up with the Spanish fleet under Don Juan de Langara, hovering off Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal), to give additional protection to the expected transport squadron. The Spaniard had eleven ships of the line and two frigates. He boldly accepted action and disaster, for Rodney destroyed two of the ships and took five, including the flag-ship, with its admiral—all of which he ran into Gibraltar. The management of the English fleet reflected the highest honor on Rodney and his admirable assistants, Sir Charles Douglas and Captain Young.

For these successes he received not only the thanks of Parliament but addresses of thanks and congratulations from numerous towns. In the then desponding condition of British arms in America, a victory like Rodney's was a great comfort to a ministry and king becoming highly unpopular with the people.

Repairing damages at Gibraltar, Rodney sailed from thence for Barbadoes, and on April 17th, came up with the French fleet under the Count de Guichen, near Martinique. Though the French fleet was a little stronger and far readier than his own, after its long voyage, Rodney determined on going into action, so signalled his ships into close order. But several of his captains, regarding the condition of their ships and crew as too weak to hazard the ordeal, stood off, and when Rodney's own fine, stately double-decker, the Sandwich, bore down on the enemy, only six of his vessels followed. The Sandwich engaged a 74 and two 80 gun ships for an hour and a half, firing double broadsides, oftentimes at the same moment. His ship was handled with splendid skill, and so kept the windward advantage that the French bore away greatly damaged, rigging and hull. The Sandwich, by running down on the center of the French battle line, broke it completely, and his six ships following, thus got the weather gauge of their enemy, then giving way before the wind, swept down the line, doing much havoc and receiving small injury in return. Each fleet, seemingly satisfied with the result, kept on opposite courses, and Rodney reached Bridgetown harbor, Barbadoes, in safety, to report at once to the government the dereliction of his captains, probably in terms of severest condemnation, demanding their recall and trial for disobedience. The admiralty, however, suppressed this feature of his report. One of the captains only was brought to trial and dismissed the service. Rodney was honored with the thanks of the House of Commons, and a more substantial recognition in the shape of a life pension of two thousand pounds (\$10,000), per year, to be continued after his death, one year, in specified portions, during their lives.

In this manner England recognizes merit in her service. In addition, he was chosen to the House of Commons from "Westminster City," and was also made Knight of the Bath, but still remaining in the Barbadoes station he did not take his seat in Parliament. Efforts, with the land forces of General Vaughan, were made to take St. Vincent island—once before captured by Rodney, but restored at the peace of '63. This second effort failed. The French had too strongly fortified the harbor; and the French fleet, still watching over their possessions, held Rodney in check.

War having been declared also against Holland for its giving the right of asylum to American privateers, and to Paul Jones, the Terrible, orders were sent for Rodney to seize the Dutch possessions, on the Old Spanish Main. He did so, occupying the island of St. Eustatius Feb. 3d, 1781, and taking, in the course of the spring, the colonies of Demarara, Essequibo and Berbice—most valuable to Holland commerce.

But, the admiral's health gave way under the burning sun of the tropics, and in the autumn of 1781 he returned to England. His reception was very enthusiastic by government and people. He was created vice-admiral in place of Admiral Hawke, then recently deceased, and was at once assigned to the command of the whole of the West Indies.

The combined French and Spanish fleets were then in the West Indies. The French force was under Admiral the Count de Grasse, and consisted of over thirty ships-of-the-line and several fine frigates. The allies proposed a descent on the large and valuable English island of Jamaica—a disaster Rodney was alert to avert. Hearing that De Grasse had sailed from Port Royal Bay, Martinique, Rodney set out in pursuit, April 8th, and on the 9th succeeded in bringing on a partial action, by which three of the French ships-of-the-line were disabled. On the 12th the general action was forced by Rodney's maneuvers. It commenced at seven o'clock A. M. and raged all day. Both fleets were maneuvered splendidly. Rodney resorted again to his peculiar tactics, and with his own ship, the Formidable, rode down on and broke through the French line, and getting the windward advantage, he engaged the Ville de Paris, De Grasse's ship. A terrific combat resulted in the capture of the French ship and its admiral. This great sea battle ended at half-past six in the evening, the French losing their admiral and flagship, six other ships-of-the-line and two frigates. With his prizes he bore away to Jamaica to repair his severe damages preparatory to a further attempt to destroy the entire French fleet.

A change of the ministry having occurred, Rodney was superseded in his command and ordered home. The vessel bearing these orders had been dispatched but a short time when news of his last achievement arrived in England. The sensation was great, and popular indignation at his recall ran so high that a fast-sailing yacht was dispatched to overhaul the dispatch ship, but it was too far at sea, and proceeded to Jamaica, to find Rodney, having repaired his considerable damages, just entering upon further effective work. He obeyed orders immediately, and reached England Sept. 21st, 1782, bearing with him his prisoner, the Count de Grasse.

As a proper recognition of his merit and great services, and in deference to the public estimation of the successful commander, he was voted an additional pension of two thousand pounds a year and was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Rodney. And Jamaica, deeply grateful for the service he had performed for that colony, as well as for British interests in all the West India islands, voted, in its House of Assembly, one thousand pounds for the erection of a marble statue of the veteran admiral.

Rodney saw no more sea service. Peace between England and the allies was declared in 1783, by which the United States of America became free and independent, to assume its place among the recognized powers of the world. England came out of the contest with small honor indeed—the achievements of Rodney being almost the sole offsets to her long

list of disasters. Amherst, Clinton, Burgoyne, Howe, Cornwallis—all suffered an eclipse of their European reputations, while the list of dead—slain in the effort to subjugate the colonies—embraced many an eminent name. Had the self-willed George III. possessed half the sense of William Pitt, England would have been spared her suffering, loss and humiliation, and, by a recognition of the rights of the people to local self-government, would have possessed, in the United States, a dutiful and powerful ally—not a rival and pronounced enemy. It was due largely to Rodney's wise measures, his vigilance and efficiency, that the mother country did not come forth from the war shorn of Jamaica and the Windward Islands.

Rodney lived in comparative retirement after his return, in 1782, until his death, which occurred May 21, 1792. He was twice married, and left a numerous family. A monument, at the national expense, was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, where slumber Nelson and Wellington.

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MADMAN'S ACT.

WE now follow Thetford, who, spurring at a mad pace along the dim, soft road, with his teeth buried in his lip, his eye set, and the veins standing out on his forehead, like a victim of the act of violence. In one case the victim was an Italian brigand who had imprudently attempted to carry off the beautiful and richly-dressed Athletic Wonder, who brought so much money to his guardian; in the other it was a poor negro slave in Turkey, who fell under the sufferer's frenzy, having rebelliously penetrated to his place of concealment out of curiosity. Never before had the sweet-tempered youth intended any human being harm; in fact, he was yet unconscious of these two fatal acts, and had Gaylure whispered his wily falsehood in his ear at any other time, no worse result would have accrued than possibly a hot-headed verbal attack upon the object of his jealousy, from whom the instant explanation would have come as a matter of course, and all ill effects would have been avoided. But, that one word was sufficient in the poor lad's preposterous state to inflame his fiercest homicidal lust, and he had broken away from his keeper with all the dispatch and cunning of the lunatic with his lucid intervals, and was now posting on to the deliberate execution of his rival, with the certainty that to-morrow all that had transpired to-day would be wiped from his mind like the pencilings off a slate, to use Kool's expressive simile. Unhappy being, created in a mood of sinister curiosity by Nature, as the alchemist experiments with his crucibles, indifferent to the anguish of the living thing he tries his gases on—poor, abnormal, inexplicable freak of a Supreme Power, born so ironically like his fellows, and yet so fatally differing from them, judged by their laws, yet formed so that he cannot if he would bow to these laws. Little wonder if many a sore heart had questioned its Creator's motive, forgetting His high fiat: "Shall the thing formed to Him that has formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" and "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?"

With the intense craft which is such an unexpected accompaniment of mental aberration, Griffith had provided himself with one of those infernal engines of death, which the pyrotechnic experts have brought to such full perfection during the late unhappy war, and of which we have heard so much in the course of the recent investigations connected with the plot of the dynamite fiend, Thomassen.

It was in fact a small, cylindrical projectile, of the thinnest and lightest metal, aluminum, filled with a preparation of nitro-glycerine, and only wanting a slight concussion to explode it with force enough to raise a stone house to the ground. Where the unhappy youth had picked up the deadly knowledge of such a weapon of destruction, and how he had prevailed upon a mercenary wretch engaged in the manufacture of gunpowder, as he passed through New York, to forge for him such a death-dealing machine, must ever be a mystery. Some stray paragraph in a newspaper probably suggested the idea, and gold we know, alas! can do anything with the gold worshiper. At all events there was Griffith Thetford posing on to the poor home of Jonas Kercheval, his supposed rival, with the projectile, carefully packed in its sealed casket in his breast-pocket.

The last faint gleam of twilight was vanishing beyond the stagnant lake when the youth tied his horse to the garden paling; he passed rapidly, and without a thought of concealment up the path, not even looking about to see if any one was in the garden. Had he done so he could not have failed to note the form of the poor lady, whose joy at finding the treasure in the garden plot had struck insensible; she had now recovered sufficiently to sit up, propped

by a stone—and seeing the man's form passing without hesitation through the garden, she instantly supposed it to be her husband returned, and in her excitement fainted again.

Such was the character of his homicidal mania, that he never dreamed of self-preservation; had he met Kercheval here, he would have dashed the fatal projectile at him, regardless that in its explosion he also must fall a victim. He had only followed him thus far with care and cunning and secrecy, lest his vengeance should be averted by some quick-witted bystander; but having gained the cottage in advance of his enemy, he recalled in all his maudlin excitement, the fact that now no eye was upon him to witness the deed, there was nothing to prevent him from compassing the death of his rival without forfeiting his own life at all, in which case, as he perceived with a burst of ecstasy, he might even yet win Cora to himself, her lover being dead through no possible agency of his.

With this thought dazzling him, he stood for a moment abstracted the sweetness of it, on the worn door-step, then he passed through the open door into the dark house, failing in his mental alienation to perceive anything strange in the fact of the house being open, unlit, and empty. He felt about in the kitchen with outstretched arms, finding the cold cooking-stove with its famine-emptied covers, and the old chintz sofa by the window, and finally the little deal table by the other window, with poor Anne's pots of monthly roses in full bloom upon it, their delicate fragrance floating upon their air with a hint of refinement and luxury, which a glance at the miserable and mean appearance of the room would have contradicted.

But Griffith struck no light and saw no object in his enemy's house, which he supposed to be some charming American "Rosamond's bower," to which his rival had been wooing Cora Gaylure to accompany him; and his blood only raced the more wildly and boiled the more burningly as he stood in the dark, imagining the pretty luxuries around him.

At last he felt over the table and found Anne's little wicker work-box; he opened it and curiously felt round its dainty morocco lining with the soft velvet cushions at the ends for the pins.

It was the very place to deposit his terrible death-dealer without risk to himself in laying it down naked, for the maker had fully warned him of its tenfold explosive nature, recommending him as he valued his life to beware how he set it down, as the slightest jar was all that was wanted to explode it. Carefully he took the padded case from his pocket, unscrewed the one large spiral knob which secured it, and with light, sure fingers extracted the terrible instrument from its bed of finest cotton, laying it gently inside the work-box. Then he softly closed the lid, passing the tiny wooden bolt, which hung by a short thread of elastic, through the wicker loop, thus fastening the box tightly; and lifting it, retreated toward the door, laid it on the threshold where the first foot that entered would inevitably kick against it, to the instant devastation of the whole place; and then Griffith Thetford stepped out, closing the door behind him.

A minute afterward he was galloping along the old road, having learned at Silver-Lead that he could return at the cost of a few miles longer by it, and not wishing to meet his victim, whom he knew to be walking the ten miles from Silver-Lead.

He had ridden about a mile when he met two figures in the darkness, coming quickly along the road to meet him. As they neared he saw that they stood in hesitation, that they were a girl and a lad, and that their faces were toward the cottage.

His mysterious paroxysms had been internally racking him with demoniac violence, tenfold increased ever since he had deposited the projectile in the little work-box, and it was only by a fierce concentration of his will-power brought to bear on his infirmity, that he could keep his seat instead of falling under his horse's belly in raving convulsions. At the sight of these lonely figures hastening toward the doomed cottage an awful fear possessed him. He too stopped, stretched out his hand to signal to them; felt the cruel, racking, all-mastering demon that possessed him twisting his limbs into awful contortions, gripping his heart-strings like the red-hot fingers of Torquemada, raising the bristling hair upon his head and forcing a long inarticulate cry that was half a shriek from his foaming mouth; and then he fell like a log from his saddle, his feet slipping without any volition of his own out of his stirrups, and so lay, a senseless, writhing heap in the middle of the road, while his well-tamed steed quietly turned to nibble the fine grass of the roadside.

Josie and Ned paused on the edge of the wood into which they had been about to sink, staring in wonder at this eccentric piece of business.

"What can be the matter?" whispered Josie, her fright subsiding into curiosity as she saw that the stranger did not regain his feet.

"Blessed if I can tell," returned Ned, in an uneasy growl, "guess he's only foxin' for to get us high enough to catch," and, conscience making him question his Creator's motive, forgetting His high fiat: "Shall the thing formed to Him that has formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" and "What if God, willing to show his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction?"

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the garden they saw their mother lying unconscious on the bare ground, with glistening gold in both her hands. Far more amazed than touched at this spectacle, the heartless pair questioned silently each other's guilty looks, as to what they should do with this additional lucky chance to enrich themselves. A sinister chuckle, a heartless shrug, and a significant motion toward the dark windows and the senseless lady, decided them.

"Our luck," whispered Josie in Ned's ear; "what fools we'd be to turn chicken-hearted now. Guess Arch must be at the bottom of this, an' mother she's fainted with fright or somethin'. Let's take it, he's sure to put more here whoever put this. Lor! ain't this high?" Thus chuckling the self-idolator took the thin cold hands of her mother in hers and tore the coins out of their convulsive clasp, Ned meanwhile busily raking among the loose earth in the corner, and picking out about twenty dollar pieces. Having satisfied themselves that there were no more, the unnatural pair dragged the attenuated form of their parent into the shelter of the poor old summer-house, against which she had fallen, and laid her on the gravel; but waste no sympathy upon her because of this apparently merciful act, for it was not prompted by any lingering impulse of affection, but only as security against Anne finding her too soon, and restoring her, to hear of the treasure she had found, and to discover its loss before they had got away. They then crept to the cottage wall and listened intently, wondering not a little to see or hear no sign whatever of life; and by and by, their curiosity being roused by the perfect stillness which reigned at this hour when it was neither possible that their father and Anne could be asleep or away from home, they at last made up their minds to sneak inside.

Josie opened the door, and, with Ned close behind her, entered the cottage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

ANNE KERCHEVAL now claims our attention.

It was just sundown when she pushed off from the landing-place in her leaky old boat, hoping to reach the other extremity of the lake in time to waylay Arch Arran, whose road crossed that point, and her excitement buoyed her up to the task, the violent exertion of which one would never have supposed her capable in her present debilitated condition. With her thoughts fixed sternly on the rescue of her sister and all recollection of her own distressing condition banished in the bitterness of her reflections, she swept on over the still, black, weed-thickened waters, sky and lake gradually darkening to a ghastly gray, and the reeding banks taking on the eerie shadows and uncanny outlines of some haunted rendezvous of murderers or witches. Her eye, fixed immovably on the lessening cottage, straight from which she steered her course, noted nothing of the ghastly appearances on the accursed lake; she did not see the mysterious apparitions which her ears turned up as they plashed into the fetid mass over which she floated, nor the dead-lights which glimmered blue and tremulous along the slimy margin; nor did she scent the cold grave-odors which loaded the moveless atmosphere; nor see the spectral winding-sheets of miasmatic mist; her whole soul was concentrated on the one object, Josie's rescue. The lake was three miles long; her boat was light and her arms strung with supernatural strength, she skimmed the distance in half an hour; the road round the lake, following its tortuous windings, was a little over five miles, and Arch, unaware of her purpose, and heavy-hearted, took quarter of an hour longer to traverse it.

She was calm, rested and resolute; he astonished, startled and confused, when they met once more face to face on the small open space where the road crossed the extremity of the lake, a towering rampart of bald, discolored cliffs on the one side, and the smooth, motionless lake, with its gleams of sky reflections, on the other.

Before, stretched the road to Silver-Lead, winding through the heart of the pine forest; behind, the road to the Kercheval cottage, iron-bound on either hand by the impervious rock, with its singular margin of foreign soil and vegetation slipping down in the lake.

He had been thinking of her with such vivid reminiscence of what she used to be, that when he saw her stepping up to lay her dim, white hand upon the bridle of "the queen," and her small pale face and wide dark eyes turning on his, he drew up with a long shudder and sigh, believing this to be Anne's wrath and she drowned in the lake. As he sat there gazing at her with no attempt either to move on or to accost her, she was forced to speak first.

"You see, you can't escape me, Arch!" she faintly said, her great heart swelling up so that it almost choked her.

These human accents, fraught with the pain that the dead have left behind them, the glow of her eyes, and the gentle rubbing of "the queen's" head against her breast, showed Arch that this was Anne herself, resolved to have the truth at all hazards. He flung himself to the ground and swung with two strides to her side.

"Anne—Anne—only say ye once did care for me, honest an' true, as yer eyes surely told me, or, as Heaven is my judge, I read them so, an' I'll tell the truth about her that's not worth your little finger. Anne, Anne!" he cried, out of his pent-up anguish and fiery first love.

So, with a great pang of her noble pride, and a stirring of all that was life to her in her blighted heart, for Josie's sake she answered thus:

"I did—I did, God help me!" And then she tried to turn her back and be the stern, inexorable Anne again. But he uttered a cry—oh, so eloquent with sweetest, dearest, loveliest, true-love, that she could not move again, but felt his clasping arms around her, and his streaming tears rain on her face, and his hot lips cling to hers; and through the rent veil she perceived that he had done no harm to Josie, but was now, as ever, her own true lover and friend, who would not, because he could not, accept life without her love, and so had done violence to himself and her in his unendurable misery.

And her deep, generous soul leaped up to meet his; her poor thin arms went—whether she would or no—about his neck; her heart, filled with heaven's ecstasy, sought and rested on his, and she sunk heavy in his arms, half-dead with joy, and caring scarcely to wake again, since this was heaven, and heaven itself was this.

After moments or hours, they could not have told which, Arch carried his darling round behind the jutting rock to the lake side, where he could leave her sweet white face and kiss her back to consciousness, and the petted "queen of diamonds" followed like a dog at the heels of the two she also loved, steering her way among the loose rocks, with the fairy sulky behind her, cleverly, so that no harm was done,

and she could stand over them, looking on at their happiness with her large, soft, asking eyes, and velvet nozzles sniffing; so that when, by-and-by, a horseman galloped past on the road to the cottage, nobody saw him and he saw nobody, and Thetford swept on—the instrument of doom on those who deserved their lot no less than these here theirs—scarcely noted.

For Arch was confessing, and Anne was hearing; he in manly scorn all dashed with modest self-reproach, and she in sweet, sad shame, and tender thoughts for "mother;" the story of Josie's heartless abandonment of her home, betrayal of her sister, and the lesson Arch had sought to teach her by means hard but not brutal; and such a tale, which had to be rewarded by Anne's whispered confessions of her reasons for treating her true love as she had done—was by far too absorbing to admit of any curiosity regarding a passing stranger, whose unseen flight they had scarcely heard.

But Anne Kercheval had so habituated herself to live for others that she could not lose herself long in the purely personal bliss of even this love-idyl of hers. Her heart smote her anon for forgetting her mother, lying at home sad and sick, and ignorant of this great happiness. It was only then that she remembered to beg Arch never to think again of the affront she and her mother had put upon him by sending back the package of provisions and of money, procured by the sale of old Dolly and the wagon; and, as she spoke of the food, remembering the while her mother starving, her manner was so peculiar that Arch could not fail to notice it, and to inquire into its cause. She put him off with gentle guile; she was ashamed to expose their bitter need to her betrothed of an hour, and, even while she shrunk in maiden pride, her heart smote her for putting anything before her mother's relief, and urged her on to ask his help instead. The struggle crimsoned her sweet face and lowered her dewy eyes, and Arch, reading her by the lance-like rays of the just rising moon, understood all in a flash the meaning of her enunciation, her mother's illness—all. He lifted her downcast face and looked into it wildly, the blood receding from even his tawny cheek.

A terrible exclamation burst from him. Almost thrusting her from him he sprung up with clenched fists and flashing eye.

"Oh!" he cried, in a voice hoarse and choking with anguish, "and she knew all the while I loved her!"

He stamped about, he buried his hands in his long, flowing hair which he clutched and tore, while his breast heaved in convulsive sobs which seemed to rend him. Terrified and stricken with remorse at the peculiar cruelty she now perceived for the first time she had treated him with, Anne staggered to him and essayed to enfold him once again in her arms, but he again thrust her aside, continuing to writhe in inexpressible bitterness of soul which the poor fellow augmented by reminding himself that he might have guessed as much from what he already knew of Ned's robbery and Kercheval's absence. The sighs of his suffering overcame the frail creature whose strength was already much exhausted by her excitement, and she was sinking on the ground with a low, moaning murmur for help when he flew to her rescue, caught her wildly to him, pressing her to his breast, raining kisses on her lips, her brow, her hair—imploping her who had already suffered so cruelly to forgive him for adding one additional pang, calling her by every caressing term that passionate love and grief could suggest; but, she lay passive in his arms, growing colder and heavier. He turned her drooping face to the sheeted moonbeams; she had swooned.

In a moment he was again master of himself, cursing his folly and violence. He laid her tenderly down close to the margin of the water, and sprinkled her face with the cold drops, chafing her stiff, chilly hands in his, while their thinness went to his heart like a knife, but she neither moved nor breathed. Then he stopped in an awful panic, gazing frantically from the still form that lay at his feet up to the now radiant heavens, asking God if he could have been so ruthless as to kill her! And at last he rose, led "the queen" out to the road, went back and raised her light figure across his shoulder and bore her up to the seat of his little carriage. Here, seated, with her pressed in his arms, a short, bitter strife raged in his heart—he tried to decide between the temptation of galloping at full speed the five miles on to his own house where he had every means of restoring her—at the risk of her unblemished name and her also starving mother's death of anxiety on her account, or that of dying back with her to her own home to place her at her mother's side, at the risk of finding nothing in the cottage to restore her or to keep the life in her mother.

The temptation, with her dear head on his shoulder and her sweet, cold lips against his cheek, was a sudden more than he could overcome, but a sudden remembrance of Josie, the bold, the brazen, unaccountably decided him in another moment. Without analyzing the course of reasoning, or indeed suspecting that there had been a course of reasoning in his mind, he turned his two-wheeled little vehicle, and flashed off to the cottage. As he darted between the overhanging walls of rock which completely overshadowed the road, leaving nothing but black mud and dark-blue sky visible, with distant openings admitting white streams of moonlight like sheets of water across the road, a sudden glare flashed up and spread over all the heavens, and before the eye had scarcely comprehended the strange spectacle, a terrific report, prolonged, deafening—which shook the very foundations of the earth and rocked the gigantic crags—resounded like the explosion of a powder magazine, a cone of sparkling yellow flame leaped up in front, shooting upward more than two hundred feet, accompanied by dreadful detonations, with showers of blazing fragments; then all was silent, with a thick black column of smoke rolling heavenward, and a strong smell of burning, acrid and choking, borne to meet him on the suddenly stirred-up breeze.

At first the mare had violently drawn up, rearing and trying to turn on the road, wishing to bolt in the opposite direction, but the steel-strung hand of Arran reined her up and held her, struggling and snorting, in the middle of the path, until he found breath and presence of mind to speak to her. The familiar tones calmed her directly; she stood like a lamb while he descended carefully with his burden, laid Anne on the edge of the road, and running on to the first opening, mounted the precious mass of granite and gazed at the smoldering fire.

"It must be," he muttered, stunned with astonishment; "it is their house! But how in God's name could it blow up?"

He descended, regained his seat with Anne on the sulky, and drove on at flying speed. Twenty minutes afterward he tore round the abrupt curve which brought the traveler out of the gloomy rock-walled causeway in sight

of the farm, where the fencing of the first potato field commenced; and he saw before him, instead of the well-known cottage with its poor, dragged, sickly creepers, its small windows, each garnished with a pot of flowers, and its hospitably-opened door, a smoking heap of ruins, from which half-smothered make-like flames wriggled.

At this moment he felt Anne's warm breath on his neck.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FOR POOR MARGARET'S SAKE.

ARCH ARRAN, struck with sickening horror, crushed Anne's face closer to his breast, and turning his vehicle, hurried from the accursed spot behind the first jutting rock that screened the ruin from her awakening eyes.

It was all he could do to regain anything approaching to calmness in time to answer her first faint and bewildered questions.

"Love, I want you to lie here patiently until I come back," said the poor fellow, quaking; "I'm a-going to lay you on that there bank and hitch the queen, and—"

"Arch, my darling, what is the matter?" questioned Anne, suddenly raising herself to gaze narrowly at him; "you've seen something—good God!" she cried, recoiling from his blanched visage and stunned stare; then she gazed all around, clutching him tighter and tighter as she recognized the place, and then she abruptly freed herself from him, and sliding like a spirit to the ground, ran, before he could guess what she was about, round the rock.

A deathlike silence—a low gasp or two—then a long, piercing, awful scream; another! another! Arch hurled himself after her—she was flying to the smoking heap; he shouted; she heeded not; she paused on the red brink of the fiery chasm, her arms stretched to heaven, her screams ringing out wilder, louder, and yet more terribly; he caught her, writhing, twisting in his arms—going mad with the unbearable suffering of the moment; he felt that the poor starved creature was stronger even than he as they struggled together on the verge; she striving to dash herself into the furnace with heartrending cries that her mother was there—that she saw her; he felt her mastering him—dragging him with her nearer and nearer; his brain reeled; his sight failed; another moment and both would have sunk together into the glowing mass which was already crumbling into the cellar, when a shrill cry came ringing above the confusion—a woman's frantic voice, screaming:

"Anne! Anne! I am here—HERE!" They tottered in the direction from which the voice had come, and by the flitting glare saw Mrs. Kercheval clinging to the posts of the arched door, on her knees, trying to crawl to them.

That meeting! Arch could do nothing but hold his head between his hands, while the two grasped each other, and stared in each other's faces, and grasped each other again—with rending sobs and convulsive kisses!

But soon the mother lay pale and panting in her daughter's arms, saying, solemnly: "Anne, darling—darling, you don't know yet—oh, my love, you don't know yet!" and so, wailing, sought to tell her, and could not, something which shook her whole quivering body with ghastly shudders. But after a long while, Arch and Anne on their knees beside her, praying her and the heavens, by turns, to speak, and to give them strength to hear, she gasped out that she had seen Jonas go into the cottage in the last of the twilight, she lying at the time in that corner (whither she pointed them), about six feet distant from the summer-house, where she had found herself when she recovered from the swoon which came over her as she saw him pass through the garden. And she told them he was lost, and then, with a feeble smile, said:

"And, forgive me, Anne, but I must go to him!"

And Anne, feeling as if she must lose her senses, gasped out: Was she sure—sure?

Ah, poor child, who else would enter without knocking, who else would come into their poor, God-forsaken little home?

"But—but—" the trembling girl questioned her, "are you sure you were not wandering, dear? How did you get here? What set the house on fire? Why were you sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious? Hear, have you not been delirious with—dunger? Darling, don't shrink; Arch knows all—dear, noble Arch!" and overcome, the sweet soul drew her lover forward and placed her mother's head upon his breast. But, lying there with shining tears in her upraised eyes and a dying ecstasy on her marble features, she still insisted:

"He is dead, and I must go to him; and oh! thank God that my dears are one!" And, little by little, she faltered out her story of all that had befallen her since Anne had left the cottage.

First the stranger; next the gold; then the swoon of joy; consciousness, and the glimpse of him she supposed to be her husband passing into the dark house; then how she tried to crawl to him, but could not move, and trying to call him, fainting again; then a blank and her second awakening as by the crash of doomday, to see the night brilliant with a meteoric shower, the house in flames, and burning fragments falling everywhere. She miraculously removed to the shelter of the arched door.

"Who," she cried, she, in that exalted state which lies between despair and supernatural rapture, "who can doubt that my poor love had found me lying alone in the corner, and had removed me to the summer-house, and, hurrying back to get restoratives, had accidentally set the house on fire, and perished in the flames? But I am going to him fast—fast!" she said, radiantly.

And they two turned and looked at each other in a sudden awful suspicion. The father had left on a forlorn hope; had he returned foiled, discovered the extremity of famine reached by his beloved ones, and in momentary frenzy—after having placed his wife in safety—deliberately sacrificed his own life and blown up the cottage (Arch whispering this fact in Anne's ear), that the deed might pass unsuspected?

Well for the wife that this horrible thought never once occurred to her; she had not heard the explosion; she supposed the cottage to have been merely burned down; but did not this suspicion explain all? Had they but turned their horror-filled eyes on a hair's breadth, they would have seen the strained face of Jonas Kercheval himself peering at them through the red gloom, as he covered behind the low stone wall, his hands clutching his stiff, staring hair, his eyes bursting from their sockets, his heart thundering like iron hoofs on gaping wounds!

He had come hither, from the forest where we last saw him, thus:

Berthold laid his senseless form tenderly on the mossy turf, and having quickly lit a small

pocket lantern and swung it on the low branch of a tree, he produced a tiny vial and carefully let fall one ruby drop upon the rigid lips of Kercheval. The effect was instantaneous; he sighed, gradually regained both consciousness and strength, and set up, tolerably composed, on a stone close at hand, in the small circle of light flung by the hanging lamp; seated patiently awaiting his recovery, while his gaze expressed the most profound compassion and interest. Kercheval heaved a sigh from the very bottom of his heart; the grateful thought shot through him that this stranger, who had meddled in his most delicate affairs, had done so from no malevolent motive, possibly indeed with a beneficent one, and he began to entertain in his much confused and seriously unhinged mind the grave belief that his friend was of supernatural origin—knew all his past and future, and was sent by God to aid and guide him.

By pointing to his tottering reason only can we offer any solution of that curious glimpse he had had across the barrier which separates the substance-reality from the Infinite—that shadowy environment which lies between the Material and the Spiritual.

Berthold (consciously or not I know not) possessed a wonderfully magnified spiritual sensibility, almost amounting to magnetism; at times he held absolute sway over the minds he came in contact with, seeming to hold communication with them without speech, without signal, or look, or anything more material than a physical contact.

This we have seen that, his hand on Cordelia's arm, as he pressed upon it the tattooed image which was to save her from the fortune of the captive, and his eye directed to hers, he poured into her consciousness the assurance of his own immaculate integrity—an assurance which she yet felt would never grow stale or uninteresting, but would accompany her to the grave; also, how his quiet will-power subjugated the haughty and adventurous Kool; lastly, how in the dark, by a mere clasp of his hand on Kercheval's wrist, he communicated to him the strong, the terribly-vivid consciousness which at the moment occupied his own mind, that the passing traveler was a murderer bent on the commission of another murder.

This intensely-engrossing theme, however, may not be discussed here, without acknowledging the faintest credence in the occult manifestations of the present century, with all their impudent impostures and inexplicable vagaries, we confess that there "is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy," and, accounting for nothing which seems supernatural in our record of this extraordinary man, proceed with his more material existence.

Seeing Kercheval's gaze resting upon him with increasing confidence, he presently broke the curious silence.

"Do you feel any interest in the fact that you have this night escaped a violent death?" queried he.

"Ah! and by your aid?" answered Jonas, with instantaneous perception, the corporal veil between him and the incorporeal seeming to be wonderfully thin; "that passer-by was hastening to murder me? But why?"

Much startled by the abnormal keenness of this man's supernal vision, the scientist sat a moment in profound reverie, and then anxiously scrutinizing the gleaming intelligence of that haggard face, said slowly:

"Friend, cease to do violence to those instincts which you call your principles, and believe to be under the reign of conscience; else you will perish miserably."

"In plain words," said Kercheval, in a melancholy voice, "you command me to give her up; to leave them in the hand of God, who will succor them."

"They will, indeed, be succored," said Berthold, calmly, and with a faint smile of scorn at the allusion to a Deity, whilst he recalled the fact that he had himself already performed the beneficence which his companion would undoubtedly ascribe to this Supreme Being; "at all events, for your own sake, I say give them up, else you—" He bent close, and darted a terrible glance into his eyes, "you—will die—mad."

Instead of recoiling with natural emotion from this awful prophecy, Kercheval nodded slowly and gravely, his glance fastening itself on vacancy. After an interval of deep silence he looked up, saying mildly:

"Yes, I have often faced that probability, and I am prepared for it. Ever since the commission of the deed, my conscience has gnawed incessantly at my heartstrings, and my heart has chafed against my conscience, until there is very little sane ground left me to traverse ere I cross the border land to hopeless insanity. You see I am one of the poor wretches born with a tender conscience, which no guilt I dare to contract will sear, which stings as agonizingly at the fiftieth sin as at the first; I have waged a long battle with this, my undying torturer, and have, for some time, known that my reason would pay the forfeit."

"Then why not save yourself, as there is time?" exclaimed Berthold, vehemently.

"I can't, at Margaret's expense," he answered, steadily. "Mine the guilt, mine be the punishment."

"And you will return to her whom you have already wronged beyond forgiveness?" cried the German, amazedly. "In spite of my warnings, my entreaties. I who know how you are compassed with perils, not only physiological but human?"

"Sir, you have told me that madness waits me, that assassination menaces me; that fraud and cruel strategy conspire against me; I thank you, and proceed on my chosen way, for Margaret's sake. I shall fight off my approaching madness by hopeful anticipation; I shall escape murder and fraud by stealing my darlings away from that God-accursed place, and hiding them deep in some undiscovered wilderness; I shall wait till epilepsy opens the gates of Warren-Guiderland to me, and have brought them in, and then I shall give them up, and wait the merciful God's will!"

This piece of heroic sophistry was scarcely uttered when the heavens were swept by a sudden deluge of lurid flame, a muffled report shook the earth and air, and a low wind bore aloft a fiery trail of smoke.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

Two St. Valentine's Days.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

The fourteenth of February was a great day in Wynnsburg. Besides the usual flutter of hearts and darts and satin-embossed Cupids, it was to be the occasion of a grand party at the town hall, to which all the young folks were invited.

As the lights began to flash over the village, a feminine commotion reigned in many maiden chambers, as puffs and fluffs and frills and

frounces were shaken into shape, ready for the evening's excitement.

Up in her own little white room, pretty Grace Dean smiled back at herself, as she stood with fleecy folds of snowy tulle falling around her, looped by the wide pink satin sash, and caught by clusters of pink geraniums. Smiled as she fastened a cluster in the braids and curls of her own bonny golden hair, and clasped the little gold necklace about her fair throat.

Then she drew on her white cloak, took her white gloves in her hand, and went down to the parlor.

In the hall she met her father.

"Off, Grace?" said he. "Who goes with you?"

"Dick Maxfield, papa."

"Hum—ha—well. But don't go with Dick Maxfield too often, Grace. He's pretty wild—I wouldn't like to give you to him, daughter."

Mr. Dean passed on, and Grace's sweet face was very sober as she entered the parlor. For away down in her tender, girl's heart was hidden a secret about Dick Maxfield, which would have made her glad to hear other words from her father.

It seemed to Grace that when handsome Dick rose to meet her, his face wore a shadow too, but perhaps it was only the reflection from her own.

He took her out to his carriage, tucked the robes securely about her, and they began the short drive to the town hall. Dick was more silent than his wont, and at last Grace noted the lack of his usual merry mood.

"Dick, what is the matter? You seem so sober."

"Do I? Well, I am a little sober to-night, I believe."

"Won't you tell me why, Robin?" queried Grace, from his favorite song.

"Yes, but not now. Perhaps, as we go home."

And as they were at the hall by this time, Grace let him lift her from the carriage without further questioning.

The party was a gay one, and Grace entered fully into its spirit, without guessing, poor child! that it was her last gay party for long years!

Dick's eyes followed her perpetually, with a look that was half-sad, but he, too, tried to be gay, until they were in the carriage for the drive home.

"Why, where are you going, Dick?" asked Grace, as he turned his horse's head away in the opposite direction.

"To drive three miles instead of one, unless you object to going home by the Long Bridge. Do you?"

"No. It is not cold to-night."

"Very well, then. I want to talk to you a little, and the short drive gives me time. Grace, I am going away."

"Where, Dick?"

"A long, long way. To China, Grace."

"China! When, Dick, if you are not joking?"

"I am in dead earnest. I leave here—to-morrow."

There was blank silence from the little figure at his side, but Dick felt it tremble with repressed feeling.

He hesitated a moment, then turned suddenly, put one arm around her, and drew her close to him.

"Grace, darling," he said, in the deep tones of intense feeling, "there is one thing I need not tell you—how dearly I love you! You know that already, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Grace.

"How much, you never can know," continued Dick; "but oh, Grace, if you love me, for your sake I can be anything! Oh, tell me, darling, do you?"

"Yes," said Grace, too solemn and earnest in this parting hour for any girlish trifling.

"God bless you for it, then!" cried Dick, passionately, as he drew her closer to his heart and bent to press his first kiss on her scarlet mouth.

"They call me a wild fellow, Grace," he presently went on, "and maybe I have been. But, thank Heaven! my follies have hurt no one but myself. If they had, I would not dare offer my love to a pure, true girl like you. But I can't break away from my wild associates here, and I have a good offer of a clerkship in a good house if I will go out to China. And Grace, I believe it the best thing I could do. It will make a man of me, and I'll come back with money enough to support a wife, and steadiness enough to deserve one. You'll trust me, won't you, darling?"

"Forever!" answered Grace, solemnly.

"And you will trust me, Dick?"

"To the very end, dearest child! Unworthy as I am, you have given me your precious love, and your promise to be my wife, haven't you, dear?"

"Yes," said Grace, simply.

"I thank you, love. And I know you will be true to me. But, oh, Grace! I'm going so far away—I may be gone for years—and so much may happen! If I but dared ask one thing more, before we part?"

"Ask anything, Dick. I think I shall not refuse. I know you will ask nothing wrong," said Grace, quietly.

"No, Grace, it is not wrong. If our love is right, this is right."

"Then ask it, Dick."

"Dear Grace, if you would only make the tie between us so strong that it cannot be broken, we would both be safe and happy. If you would marry me to-night?"

"Oh, Dick! A secret marriage! That would be wrong!" burst from Grace, in extreme surprise.

"As such things commonly are, yes, Grace. But if I were to go to your father to-night and ask his consent, even to an engagement, he would say no."

"I suppose he would," Grace was obliged to answer.

"Then listen, love." Dick stopped his horse under the trees at the roadside, and gazing down into Grace's face, upturned, pure and soft, in the brilliant winter starlight, he said, with a solemn reverence scarce to be expected from such a gay young fellow:

"Grace, if our hearts are truly united already, if our lips make a solemn vow here in the presence of God and ourselves, will it not be as binding to us as the longest ceremony by the greatest bishop in the land?"

"Yes!" answered Grace, fervently.

"Then will you make such a vow with me?"

"I will!" And Grace laid her hand in Dick's.

He clasped it tenderly, and taking from his pocket a plain, heavy gold ring, put it upon her finger.

"Your wedding ring, dearest," said he.

"Now repeat with me the words I say."

And Grace repeated each word as he spoke—the vow which was to bind them to each other forever, ending with the old formula, "what God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Amen!" said Dick, as the strange ceremony

ended, and he drew Grace to his breast in a long embrace. "Now you are my wife, Grace Maxfield. Think of me always as your husband, darling, and I shall fear no one's taking you from me."

Laugh if you like, gentle reader! This solemn betrothal, this strange midnight wedding in the starlit silence of the winter woods, with only God for a witness, was as earnest to these two young creatures as the grandest ceremonial you ever witnessed, and by it they were elevated to true manhood and womanhood.

The light-hearted Grace was greatly changed after that eventful Valentine's day. At home she was more serious, more helpful and considerate of others, and in company she seldom went, and to gay assemblies never.

She had received several letters from Dick from New York, before he sailed for China. Her father gave a sharp glance at the super-scription, but said not a word. At last the time passed when Dick should have arrived in China, and word returned, but none came. Grace grew anxious, but not a doubt of him disturbed her mind.

One evening, when she had as usual refused to join a gay dance, Mr. Dean spoke at last.

"Daughter, is it for Dick Maxfield you have given up society?"

Grace blushed, then paled, but quietly said:

"Yes, father."

"You cared for him, then?"

"Yes, father. And he cared for me."

"Were you engaged when he went away?"

"Not exactly." With a deep blush, "He did not think you would consent then, father."

"Humph! Sharp young man! He was right. And he will come back a staid man if I ever do consent, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir. He will come back staid."

"I hope so, for your sake."

Time wore on, and still no news came from Dick. At last a report came that the ship he sailed in was lost, and nearly all on board with it.

"Dick is not lost!" said Grace. "I feel it in my heart. He will come back some day. I know he will. I will wait and be true."

And "He will come some day," she said, over and over, bearing her trouble as best she could.

No news came. But one dreadful day Mr. Dean was found dead in his chair, and in his hands a letter, telling of the ruin of a house in which nearly all his means were invested.

It was a terrible shock to poor Grace and her mother, but they hoped that their home, at least, would be spared to them.

But, when the time for settlement arrived, Squire Markham came forward with a debt for which he held an execution on the home-stead.

Then it seemed as if the last blow had fallen. But one morning Squire Markham came up to the mansion, and made Grace a formal offer of his heart, hand and fortune, saying if she would accept the debt should be cast into the fire, but if she refused he could not lose so much money and a wife besides—the law must take its course.

Mrs. Dean added her entreaties to his, pleading with Grace to accept the good fortune thus offered. But Grace could only refuse. At last she told her mother all the story, but Mrs. Dean would not see it as she did. She considered their romantic ceremony not worth a moment's thought, and declared to Grace that Dick was either dead or had forgotten her.

"Not no!" He will come back some day, and I will be true to the end," said poor Grace.

"Then I can starve to humor my ungrateful daughter's whims!" sobbed weak Mrs. Dean, who had no courage to meet poverty.

"No, dearest mother!" cried Grace, throwing her arms around her mother with a breaking heart, "I will work for you as no daughter ever worked yet! You shall not suffer, you shall not work, you shall not even be worried! I will support us both, and we will try to be happy yet!"

But Mrs. Dean, incapable of appreciating her daughter's noble self-sacrifice, never ceased her bitter lamentations and pleadings for Grace to marry Squire Markham.

But poor Grace was firm, though it was a terrible temptation, as the time drew near when they must leave their beloved home, to speak the one word which would keep them there.

But the thought of Dick made her strong to resist. A little house was rented in the village, a few music scholars and a situation as organist in one of the churches was procured, and Grace went bravely to work.

And thus St. Valentine's day found her, two years from the day when Dick had placed the little gold ring on her finger, and called her "Grace Maxfield."

Her mother had gone to take tea with a neighbor, and she sat alone by the fire in their little parlor, her eyes fixed now upon the glowing coals, now upon the little ring which she was turning round and round upon her slender, white fingers.

There was a rap at the door. Grace did not heed it, and it was repeated. Then she rose, and with a sigh for the intruder came to disturb her, she rose and obeyed the summons.

Was it a spirit come to mock her? Was it—what was it, there before her, tall, pale and travel-worn, as she stood without the power of speech or motion?

One instant—then the form, body or spirit, sprang inside, closed the door, and caught her in its outstretched arms, crying out:

glad. Well, I began immediate preparations to come home. I wrote you as soon as I got where a letter could be sent, and had sense enough to write it, though I knew I should get here as soon as the letter would. And now here I am, darling, with sense regained, and health slowly coming, and more means than years of hard work would have brought me, come back to claim my darling wife before all the world, and bless her forever for being so true to me!"

And Gracie—ah, happy Gracie!—smiled up into his welcome face, and thanked Heaven that she had been true, and that the second Valentine's Day had restored what the first one took away from her.

A GEM FOR EVERY MONTH.

JANUARY.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save garnet should be worn;
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

FEBRUARY.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

MARCH.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

APRIL.

She who from April dates her years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

MAY.

Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet dawning month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

JUNE.

Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth and long life command.

JULY.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

AUGUST.

Wear a sardonyx, or for these
No congenial felicity;
The August-born without this stone
Till said must live unloved and lone.

SEPTEMBER.

A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
Till cure diseases of the mind.

OCTOBER.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will tell those woes to rest.

NOVEMBER.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz, amber hue—
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

DECEMBER.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow, and ice, and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

SURE-SHOT SETH.

The Boy Rifleman;

OR,

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TOUCH OF A CLAMMY HAND.

SETH, though greatly disappointed at being thus preceded to the ford, did not despair. He had learned forbearance and patience, along with all the other requisites of a good borderman, while his ready mind was prolific of resource, and quick to act upon the moment.

No sooner had he discovered the embarkation of the enemy than he forthwith devised a new course of action; and was about to begin its execution when he discovered a second canoe, containing two warriors, coming down the river.

This again interrupted his movements, and he and his three companions would be compelled to remain in concealment until the boat had passed. Unluckily the two warriors intercepted those with the captives near the middle of the river, when both parties came to a halt and entered into a conversation, which, at times, was inaudible, then loud and boisterous. Finally, to the bitter surprise and regret of the boys, they saw the two warriors mount the flat-boat and haul the canoe on board after them; while the crew turned about and dropped slowly down the river.

For a moment Seth was speechless with disappointment.

"What can that movement mean?" asked Rube Johnson, puzzled by the red-skins' sudden change of course.

"I don't know exactly," replied Seth, "though I assure you it is nothing good. They may intend to land at the bend below, in order to conceal their trail. Let us follow along the bank and watch their movements. I don't intend they shall escape by such a dodge."

So saying, the quartette crept stealthily along the wooded shore, keeping in sight of the drifting flat-boat, but taking good care not to expose themselves.

A sharp wind blowing down the river served as an extra motor to the craft, and compelled the boys to move briskly. And, to make the pursuit still more difficult, the moon was hidden half the time behind banks of drifting clouds and stately pines. The bend, where they expected the enemy to land, was at length reached; but to still add to their surprise, the boat continued on down the stream.

"That's queer," said Rube, "that they should travel toward the Agency, instead of their own stronghold."

"To me it is terribly portentous," remarked Seth.

"Why so?"

"I am afraid the Agency has been captured."

"My heavens! I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Rube.

"If so, we will never see our friends alive," added Gus Stewart.

"I hope that such is not the case," said Ches Pagan.

"I hope so, too," Seth continued; "but nothing else would take the savages down the

river. The two that were in the canoe acquainted those with the captives of the fact; whereupon, all turned in the direction of the Agency. Old Little Crow and his followers have been to the Yellow Medicine what Hawk-Eyes has been to Lake Luster. But as several miles separate us from the post yet, and admitting that such is the case, we must act accordingly; and never let those girls get into deeper danger than they are now in. We must rescue them."

"Suggest your plans," said Rube, "and we will do all in our power to help you. We can't board the flat-boat, I presume?"

"Board it? No! The red-skins are two to one," answered Seth; "and, besides, we'd have to swim to get there. But, let us follow on down the stream. There are more opportunities gained than lost in waiting and watching on the corners."

They moved on down the stream, keeping the flat-boat just in sight and themselves well under cover. As much as two miles had been thus traversed without any chance being offered for the maidens' rescue; and they were fast nearing the Yellow Medicine, where, if the Agency had fallen, all hopes would be lost.

Further delay was dangerous. "We must do something, boys," Seth declared; "we'll have to meet an opportunity half way this time. I already have an idea in my head. Do you see an object floating on the water a few rods in advance of the flat-boat yonder?"

"Yes; I noticed that some time ago; what is it?" asked Rube Johnson, gazing with knitted brows at the object.

"A canoe, or skiff, floating bottom-up—nothing more. It is doubtless one of those that belong at the ferry, and has been turned loose by red-skins and sent adrift. I am going to utilize it. I believe that I can swim out and get under that canoe; then if you fellows can follow me, one at a time, we will float alongside the raft and board it."

"We can follow you, Seth; but we can't take any firearms," said Rube. "No, our knives will be all we can take; but if we surprise the savages we will have no trouble in getting possession of the raft and releasing the captives."

"Lead out and we will follow," said Gus, eagerly.

They hurried on down the river, when a bend in the course of the stream threw its entire width under the shadows of the stately pines that guarded the shore. Here was the point selected to initiate Seth's plans; and divesting himself of his superfluous clothing, he entered the water. Throwing himself upon his back, he swam with scarcely an effort, out into the river, where he found that the inverted canoe had floated into the shadows of the bend, while close behind came the flat-boat.

Putting himself into such a position as to counteract the force of the current, he waited until the canoe came up. Then, "ducking" his head under the water, he came up under the craft. An inspection of his covert showed that the sides of the canoe, or rather the gunwale, were surrounded by a narrow box-rim which had been intended as a seat, and which now greatly facilitated the buoyancy of the floating craft. There was plenty room under it for half a dozen persons. The ventilation was good; and both fore and aft was a little hole through which he could see a faint rift of light. He had taken his position near the forward end, and, by placing his hand upon the side, was enabled to float along with the boat quite easily.

The wind was still blowing, and at intervals a wave would dash over or against the craft, causing it to toss and rock. It was pitchy dark under the boat, and the swimmer had begun to cogitate over the further execution of his plans when something touched his legs under the water. His first thought was that one of the boys had followed him and was then outside; but this was soon dispelled when a cold, dripping hand came in contact with his face.

Mechanically he threw up his disengaged hand. It came in contact with a stiff and rigid human arm.

"My God!" burst in horror from his lips; "death is here with me! a lifeless, human creature is my companion!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT WERE THEY DOING THERE?

SURE SHOT SETH felt a chill of repulsive horror pass through his form when he realized that he was shut up under the canoe with a dead person. His first impulse was to leave the dread, dark place; but before he could do so he heard a voice say:

"Divil take the spalpeen!"

The words were audible enough, yet spoken so low that Seth could not recognize the tone nor accent. But he was assured of one thing: if there was a dead man under the canoe, a living one was also there; and thinking that it might be one of his friends who had come there unknown to him, he said:

"Who are you?"

"And it's none ave your business," was the prompt reply, spoken with the unmistakable Celtic brogue.

"I'll make it my business," replied Seth, "if you don't answer me. Now, sir, who are you?"

"And be the Howly Moses! and yer voice sounds familiar," responded the unknown, speaking louder and in an easier tone.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Seth, "it's Teddy O'Roop!"

"And sure it is, Mither Seth," responded the Irishman.

"Why, boy, the Brigade has mourned you as dead!" answered Seth, completely astonished.

"And it's meself that mourned my death, too; but, by the love of the Virgin, mees come out all right side up. The red spalpeens knocked the sinuses outen me head, and then toted mees off away up here a captive. But mees couldn't stand it, and so mees ups and knock a couple ave the bucks stiff, and away mees run, and run till mees reached the river. Then it was dark, and foinding this boat mees tipped her over, got in and set sail down the stream."

"Do you know there is a dozen Indians close behind you?" questioned Seth.

"Divil the bit does mees know it."

"Well, there is; and they have Maggie Harris and Vishnia, the Maid of the Valley, in their power."

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the young Celt; "and whyfore are the varmints going down-stream?"

"I am afraid the Agency has fallen into Little Crow's hands, and they are going there."

"Och! and would that an *ave-Mary* would exterminate old Little Crow and his crew, and mees would put forth all me soul in the prayer."

"The Lord has been with us through all our troubles and trials of the past week; and, rest assured, He will not desert us in the end," replied Seth, feeling that the mercy of a Higher Power watched over them.

"And what brought yees here, Sith, me b'y?"

"I came here in hopes of getting aboard that flat-boat."

"And gitting scalped? What could yees do alone?"

"Three of the b'ys!"

"Yes; but of Ivan Le Clercq's band. They found out that I was alive and forthwith enlisted under our banner. I left them a few minutes ago."

"Do say, now!" exclaimed Teddy; "wiraht! and what next have you to tell me, Sith?"

"A great deal; but I have not the time now. Isn't that a light shining on the water, back of you, Teddy?"

Teddy glanced out at the hole he had cut in the end of the boat, and, sure enough, saw a faint light streaming across the water. It shone from the deck of the flat-boat. The savages had lit a pine torch and fixed it to an upright post in the center of the boat.

"That may interfere, somewhat, with my plans," said Seth, uneasily; "if those boys, however, would come now we might strike whenever the raft floats alongside of us. It seems to me they have had time to reach here."

"Sith, and do you think them b'ys 'll do to tie to?" questioned Teddy, manifesting some doubt.

"I believe they will not betray me, nor deceive me in their pretended friendship. They freely admitted their wrongdoings, and begged my forgiveness for what they had done to me."

"They may be all right, but, seeing as they war onct mean, it make me juberous of them."

"Well, if they don't come soon, I'll begin to lose faith in their word myself. The time agreed upon for their coming has passed, though some unforeseen event may have prevented their fulfilling their part of the programme. I see the boat is fast gaining on us, and should the savages suspect anybody being under this floating craft, they may give us trouble. It will not be altogether consistent with Indian caution to let as suspicious a looking covert pass unexamined, if by nothing more than a few exploring messengers of lead. The light will be very liable to reveal our craft to them."

"And can't we head her ashore?" asked Teddy.

"To be sure; but by so doing, the only chance to rescue the girls would be lost. I think—at least, I hope—those boys will be along now soon."

"Yis, yis; your right, Seth, me b'y!" exclaimed Teddy, glancing out through the aperture at the flat-boat, which was nearly alongside of them; "just change position and look on board of that boat."

Seth changed position with Teddy, and looking out, he was startled with surprise and bitter disappointment to see, within the glare of the light on board the flat-boat, the forms of Rube Johnson, Gus Stewart and Chris Pagan among those of the savages. They were enjoying the freedom of the boat, and engaged in conversation with the foe as unconcerned as you please. Maggie and Vishnia stood at one side of the boat, locked in each other's arms, downcast and sad.

"Oh, curse the folly that ever led me to trust those boys!" cried Seth, in the bitterest tone of regret.

"Och! and they're the devil's own brats," replied Teddy.

"We'd better be getting out of here," said Seth, "for if they are traitors, they will not let us escape—good heavens!—some one overboard!"

"Holy Mother! it's one ave the girls!"

These exclamations were occasioned by a wild scream and splash in the river.

Glancing out, Seth beheld Vishnia struggling in the waves; and simultaneous with this discovery, the clash of firearms on board the boat burst through the night—wild, startling and terrible.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RIVER GANTLET.

The flat-boat was alongside the floating canoe.

Vishnia was struggling in the waves close to it; and without a moment's hesitation, or a thought of his own danger, Seth forced the canoe toward her. He soon felt her clinging and struggling at the side of the craft, and reaching out under the edge of the boat, he grasped her by the arm and drew her under the water into the canoe.

Half strangled, she now lay upon the youth's arm, making it difficult for him to keep himself and burden above the water. But Teddy coming to his assistance, the maiden soon recovered from her submersion, and although still in the water to her arm-pits, became pacified by the assuring words of her rescuer whose voice she recognized.

By this time the report of firearms had ceased aboard the flat-boat, and in loud and anxious tones a voice was shouting:

"Seth! ho, Seth!"

It was the voice of Rube Johnson.

Something of the truth flashed through the young rifleman's brain, and he felt ashamed of himself.

"Teddy," he exclaimed, "help me remove this canoe from over us. Those boys have captured the flat-boat."

In an instant the canoe had been turned over and the heads of Seth, Teddy and Vishnia uncovered. They clung to the sides of the boat until the raft came up and they were taken aboard.

A shout of triumph pealed from the lips of Rube, Gus and Ches, and was answered, though feebly, by Seth and Teddy. Maggie rushed forward, and with tears of joy in her eyes, received Seth and Vishnia aboard the raft; and for a moment the wildest excitement prevailed.

Three or four dead savages lying at the further extremity of the boat told what the wrongfully-mistrusted boys had been about.

"Boys," said Seth, "how is this? Why did you reverse my plans?"

"Couldn't help it, Seth," answered Rube. "We found a canoe soon after you left us; and having remembered that Ivan Le Clercq had offered us our choice of joining the Indians or becoming outcasts, we resolved to avail ourselves of what he told us. He gave us our own time to think the matter over, and in case we concluded to join the red-skins, he gave us certain secret signs which would admit us as friends into the Indian ranks. Well, we jumped into the canoe, paddled over to this boat, gave our signs when discovered, and were taken aboard. We pretended friendship, and, by and by, succeeded in making them believe that a small party of enemies were on the east side, and got half of them out in search of the foe. When they were out of reach, we seized our rifles and attacked the others with the result already seen."

"Vishnia," said Maggie, "why did you jump overboard?"

"I saw them seize their weapons and thought they were going to murder us all," replied Vishnia, shivering in her wet clothing. "I am really ashamed of myself, but I couldn't help it."

"Well, we are all right so far; but there is no telling how long we will remain so," said Seth; "those red-skins that went ashore will be apt to look after us; and I am sorry to say we are not entirely beyond rifle range of either shore."

"Very true, Seth," responded Rube. "But I see you were not alone under that canoe."

"No; I found my friend, Teddy O'Roop, tucked away under there, snug as a muskrat in his den."

Without further delay, the boys proceeded to put the boat in a more secure condition for its crew. This was effected by removing several deck-planks and opening a way into the hold, which, although not over three feet deep, furnished a shelter from savage bullets. Maggie and Vishnia, and three of the boys, took refuge therein, while the other two boys, lying flat upon the deck, kept a close watch upon all sides.

The boat following the main current of the stream, kept in the middle of the channel without any effort from the occupants. It moved slowly, though harassed by the wind and waves.

One thing of importance had Rube and his friends learned of the red-skins while on the boat: Yellow Medicine Agency had been evacuated and the soldiers and settlers had retreated in the direction of Fort Ridgely, situated on the river several miles below. The fort and all the houses and appurtenances thereto had been destroyed; while the whole of the Sioux tribe, with their families, had been concentrated upon, and in the vicinity of, the ruins.

This discovery of the situation increased Seth's alarm. They were then within a mile or two of the Agency, and to run the gantlet of the enemy there would be impossible. He knew the news of their coming would precede them to the mouth of the Yellow Medicine; and that the enemy would leave nothing undone to entrap them. To leave the boat before reaching that point would be attended with great danger also; and what course to pursue to avert a deadly peril became a question of great moment. It was finally agreed, however, with Maggie and Vishnia concurring, to keep to the boat and run the gantlet at the Agency.

With this in view, all prepared for the terrible ordeal. Seth was not inclined to trust entirely to chance, and at once set about making some arrangements for escape, should they be attacked. With an Indian tomahawk he cut a hole, about two feet square, in the side of the boat between the deck and water-line; and within reach of this he had one of the Indian canoes placed. Then all the planks but one were replaced over the hole, and his arrangements were completed.

Lights on the river-bank among the ruins of the Yellow Medicine Agency soon appeared in sight; and the wild, fearful sounds of a war-dance rung hideously through the night.

The sounds of this midnight orgie gave Sure Shot Seth some relief, although there was a horrible meaning in the demoniac revelry. He knew by it that the savages were so occupied in celebrating some bloody victory that they would be likely to overlook all measures of precaution, and thereby enable them to slip by unnoticed. At least, he hoped so.

Silently the boat continued to drift onward. Not a word above a whisper was spoken by the inmates. Only the yells of the savages in the distance could be heard.

Finally, to the great fear of all, Seth discovered a dusky sentinel seated upon the shore, looking out over the river. He was plainly outlined against the sky, now lit up with the glow of the Indians' camp-fire, several rods back from the river.

"By heavens!" cried our hero, "I am afraid we will never get past without that sentinel seeing us."

"Say the word, and he's a dead Inging," responded Teddy, springing to his feet.

"I am afraid it would be rather hazardous to attempt to remove him," Seth answered.

"I'll try him, anyhow," answered the fearless young Celt, and he began preparing for action.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

WINTER LIFE IN THE ETERNAL CITY.—A vast amount of nonsense is spoken by foreign, and especially by English and American, visitors about the rapid disappearance of all the charms of "dear old Rome." There is, it seems, some abatement in the dirt and rags which made the place "so picturesque!" Many of the houses have been "whitewashed," and the streets are swept nightly, though not quite clean, from sunrise to sunset. Count Planciani, the Syndic, is a very Peregrine Touchwood in his zeal for removing nuisances; the drains are up, socially at the most awkward, but hygienically at the safest time in the year; the traffic is obstructed in Via Pontanella di Borghese, Via delle Quattro Fontane, and other most important thoroughfares. There is not much building of new houses, but the dust and noise and thronging of heavy carts are immense. Not one of the narrowest and most convenient streets has yet been widened by an inch. The Corso and the Via del Tritone are as hopelessly clogged and jammed with conveyances as ever they were; foot passengers are still driven into shops and house doors to escape being crushed by carriage wheels; and as to the embankment, or *sistemazione*, as it is called, of the Tiber, the Municipality, after three years' deliberation, came lately to the conclusion that more deliberation was needed, and the scheme was again referred to a *Giunta*, or committee, for more mature consideration and more lengthy, and in all probability, equally unprofitable reports. Far from proceeding too rapidly, the renovation of the old Papal city seems to be carried on at a distressingly slow pace, and we see about us more of the rags and dirt, more of the sturdy beggars, more, finally, of the old "picturesque" character of the place than benefits the Italian capital. Not only Rome still continues in a very great measure to be the same squalid city it ever was, but half a century may pass before it begins to be much better.

Little as Italian Rome offers in the way of public diversions, its liveliness far exceeds whatever it could boast on that score in the good old times. Its theaters, though still below the mark, have better performances and more numerous spectators; and fireworks have lost nothing by transposition from Easter to midsummer. More zest is given to archaeological researches and excavations; new treasures are daily added to museums and galleries; reverence for antiquity grows every step we take toward a better acquaintance with it. There is, finally, also no lack of private entertainments.

Sports and Pastimes.

ROLLER-SKATING.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THERE is no recreative exercise, at the command of both sexes, which so fully commends itself for its healthful advantages and its enjoyable excitement as skating. But for this recreation, peculiar to northern climes, our people would be badly off for an equivalent for their summer sports. While in nearly every other recreation there is more or less isolation from social intercourse as one of the incidental attractions, in skating social enjoyment is a prominent characteristic of the sport, in fact, so much is this the case that the sociability of a skating lake has come to be as proverbial as that of a New England homestead Thanksgiving party. In other sportive gatherings, too, while more or less of the innate selfishness of humanity is to be seen manifesting itself, on the skating lake a degree of good humor, of kindness and of charitable consideration for the feelings of others is developed to an extent not to be seen in any other public assemblage. On the skating lake mishaps are borne with a Job-like patience, and collisions are regarded with charitable absence of resentment worthy of the promised millennium.

We have never had a season, since the opening of the Central Park skating lakes during the winter of 1861-62, when such facilities for a full enjoyment of the sport were at public command as this winter of 1876-77. What with the Central and Prospect Park lakes, and the inclosed skating resorts, such as the Windsor in this city and the Capitoline lakes and Union pond in Brooklyn, excellent ice is provided at all times, except when a thaw takes place, for a snow storm is but a temporary impediment, all the above lakes being cleared of snow within a few hours after a fall. In addition to the facilities for ice skating, the latest foreign fashionable form of the sport has been introduced, viz: roller skating; the lately opened Brooklyn Rink now presenting the most complete establishment for roller skating now in operation, either in this country or Europe. How ice skating came to be the popular sport it now is, is a familiar story, but how roller skating became fashionable remains to be told. The facts are very interesting, as affording an example of American inventive genius.

"Some fifteen years ago," as they say on the stage, Mr. Plympton, of New York, introduced a patent roller skate, the feature of which was that it admitted of nearly every movement practiced by skaters on the ice to be performed on a smooth wooden floor. The patentee was an enthusiastic admirer of the sport of roller skating, and he spared neither time, money nor labor to introduce it as an American institution, which it is to all intents and purposes. He established roller skating associations and clubs in different cities—had rinks in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville and other cities, where the facilities for ice skating were limited, and finally made the exercise popular. But somehow or other Dame Fashion in this country only took side glances at it, and seeing this, and knowing the weakness of our countrymen in regard to the effect of a foreign reputation, Mr. Plympton finally went to Europe, and after persevering for some years quietly but effectively, he managed to get his favorite exercise introduced into the inner circles of fashionable society, and the result was that for the past three years the new form of skating has taken such hold of the highest society people of London and Paris as to make it the only fashionable indoor exercise now in vogue in the great metropolis as also in the center of fashion of the European continent, the "Patins" having become the rage in Paris as well as in London.

About a year ago some young American bloods who had noted the furore for roller skating among the English nobility and the highest social circles in France, conceived the idea that it would be "the proper thing to do, you know," to introduce this "European exercise" into this country. At the request of one prominent member of this class of European Americans, an order was given to "write it up in our paper," and columns appeared on the subject in the London and Paris correspondence of a well-known metropolitan daily, a singular ignorance prevailing in regard to the fact that this roller skating was neither more nor less than an American institution, the skates not only being an American patent, but every single pair of skates used in the London and Paris rinks being made in the city of Brooklyn.

Fortunately this fact has not had the usual damaging effect it sometimes has in diminishing the popularity of a new thing which is introduced as something not "native or to the manner born," and the result is that the sport is rapidly becoming as popular in fashionable circles here as it now is in England, France and Germany; for, in the latter country, it promises to attain as great popularity as a charming indoor recreative exercise for the wealthy classes as it has in England. There is a degree of social enjoyment connected with it which is attractive, simply from the freedom from certain conventional barriers which characterize the sport. The combination of attractions, in a well managed skating rink for roller skating, is a peculiarity. There is the assemblage of spectators, without which half the charm of skating on the floor would be lost; for your skater, whether lady or gentleman, boy or girl, on roller-skates or ice-skates, is never so happy and contented as when engaged in a display of skill, no matter what the degree, before "a numerous and appreciative audience." Then there is the lively, attractive and picturesque scene on the floor to interest the spectators, and when the latter have friends on the floor in whose special movements they feel a deep concern, the scene becomes still more interesting. Then there is the concert music of the regimental band to give special life and activity to the skaters and to add to the enjoyment of the audience; and as for the exercise itself, well, all one has to do is to learn the art, and only become partly proficient in it, to know how truly fascinating it is, especially to the fair sex, and certainly a lady cannot appear to more advantage than when she is seen gracefully gliding over the smooth, glossy floor of such a beautiful skating rink as we now have in Brooklyn. The sociability of a skating lake is proverbial, and the same attraction is peculiar to the indoor phase of the sport as to the outdoor, indeed, more so, in fact, as the society is more select. When, therefore, all this combination of attractions is taken into consideration, and the additional incentive of a foreign fashionable indorsement of the sport is presented, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that this healthful and moral recreative exercise should have become the most fashionable and popular of our public recreative institutions.

A TALKER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He talked when he was six months old,
Which made his parents proud,
His voice as he grew up in years
Grew stronger and more loud.
He talked before the guests at home,
Who thought he was a bore;
They stuffed his mouth with ginger cake—
Which made him talk the more.

He talked incessantly at school,
And though the teacher placed
A handkerchief across his mouth
His efforts went to waste.
And when the teacher lashed him sore
That tide of words to balk,
Instead of crying as boys do,
His pain came out in talk.

And he grew up to be a man
In language greatly versed,
Of all the talkers in the town
He surely was the first.
He talked on things he did not know,
And things of which he knew,
He manufactured language out
Of every breath he drew.

He talked when he was sound asleep
As well as when he was awake;
He never stopped for periods,
And rest he would not take.
He talked you fairly out of sight,
And didn't stop off then,
He'd talk your ears off in an hour
No matter what he'd seen.

He talked at church, as well as out,
He talked his lips quite sore,
And when his throat was choked with cold
He only talked the more.
He'd talk you fairly out of sight,
And didn't stop off then,
He'd talk your ears off in an hour
No matter what he'd seen.

Insurance boards they tried to hire
This fellow by the year,
But ere the bargain closed, he talked
Them from the project, clear.
Book agents dreaded him like fire
And gave him a berth wide,
Since six or eight with whom he talked
Committed suicide.

At length the air that's round the earth
Became exhausted quite,
Although fresh gales from foreign lands
Were sent in day and night.
He died. His mortal run of three days
When it had lost its breath;
And on his monument is carved,
"He talked himself to death."

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGOON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,

AUTHOR OF "LANCIE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

II.

ALL of our readers have heard of the great war that this country went through from 1861 to 1865. The older ones, no doubt, remember its passage, and many even took part in it. A good many more had fathers, brothers, uncles in that war, some North some South. I do not here propose to say much about it, except to explain how Custer came there, and how he got his name of Cavalry Custer.

The immediate reason of the war was this: A good many of the Southern States of the Union, that is, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South and North Carolina and Virginia, became dissatisfied with the United States government, and determined to separate and set up a government of their own, which they did, calling it the Confederate States. This was in 1861, and at first it was supposed that there was no way the United States could stop them. It so happened, however, that there were certain forts and other property on the coasts of these seceded States, which did not belong to them, but to the United States; and it became a question who should hold these forts. At last the war began in South Carolina, by the people of that State firing on Fort Sumpter, in the middle of the harbor of Charleston, and taking it from the United States troops. Then the President called for more troops to take it back, and the great civil war began, all of a sudden. When this happened, Custer was still a boy at West Point, and he saw his classmates, the cadets from the Southern States, one after another, leave the Academy to go home to their own States and take part in the war. All old friendships were broken up, and these lads, friends and schoolmates, all knew when they parted, that when next they met, it would be on the battle-field, as enemies, under different flags. For nearly two months after the taking of Fort Sumpter, both parties did nothing but gather together their soldiers and drill them. The Confederates had made their capital city at Richmond, Virginia, and the Union troops were gathered in front of Washington, to protect their own capital and try to capture Richmond. It was thought that if they could do that, the Confederates would be so much disheartened that they would give up the fight, and that was really the way the war was ended at last. But before that time, there were many terrible battles to be fought, thousands of men killed, and four long years to pass by.

When Custer came out of West Point, he was ordered to join the regiment in which he had been made a second lieutenant. This regiment was the Fifth Regular Cavalry, and it was out in the field in front of Washington, at a little stream called Bull Run. He reached his company, after riding all night from Washington, and that very day saw his first battle. The Union soldiers, under General McDowell, attacked the Confederates under General Beauregard. At first the Union troops had everything their own way, but just as the victory seemed decided some fresh Southern troops came up, and attacked the Union men by surprise. Then came a sudden change. The Union troops were seized with a panic and ran away, frightened to death, throwing away their muskets, flags, everything, and a great many kept on all the way to Washington. The only troops that staid and did their duty were the few regulars, among whom was Custer's regiment, and one or two regiments of old steady militia. There were not many men killed or wounded, but the Union troops lost nearly everything they had. Thus they found out in their first battle that it is not enough to have plenty of men and guns to gain a victory, but that the men must be old soldiers, to stand up against misfortune if it comes.

After Bull Run, therefore, the Union men did not try to do any more fighting for some time. They staid around Washington, behind a ring of forts, and began to train and drill their men, to make them real soldiers, and they chose a new general, General McClellan. In drilling soldiers and other hard work, the new officers from West Point were very useful, and Lieutenant Custer worked as hard as any. The winter passed away, the spring came, and at last McClellan determined to move, for he found that he now had a real army of soldiers, of more than a hundred thousand men, enough, as he thought, to take Richmond.

It was determined to move against the Con-

federates, but not by land, over the old Bull Run battle-field. McClellan preferred to move his men by sea, and set them down in the Peninsula formed by the mouths of the Potomac and James rivers, on which Richmond lay. By so doing he thought he could get close to Richmond without a fight, as the Southerners had no ships to fight at sea.

It may as well be remarked here, to those who are not quite certain about the places hereafter mentioned, that they can never clearly understand a battle or campaign unless they follow it on the map; then everything becomes plain.

The Union army of McClellan was now called the Army of the Potomac. It was so called because it was first formed on the banks of the Potomac river, to defend Washington. This army took a whole month to move by sea, bit by bit, but at last it was all landed at Fort Monroe, at the very end of the Peninsula, and began to move toward Richmond. Before long, McClellan found that the enemy had got round in front of him, and had dug a great ditch all across the Peninsula, with a bank behind it, at the village of Yorktown, the very place where Washington captured Cornwallis and the English army, eighty years before. Behind the ditch and bank were the Southern army, with cannons and guns, all ready to say "You can't go any further."

So McClellan had to stop and dig a ditch of his own, sending for big guns in his turn, and making a regular siege of it. This siege first brought Custer into notice. Although the army was large and well-drilled, there was hardly any one in it who understood how to make good fortifications, so that the young West Point officers, who had been taught all this kind of work, were much in request, and Custer found himself taken from his company and appointed an engineer officer.

It was here that he had quite a little adventure one night. He was ordered to take a party of soldiers, with spades, out close to the Southern lines, and dig a ditch for a rifle-pit, that was to be made so close to the enemy that one might have thrown a stone in on either side. It was a very dark night, and the soldiers must have been seen. If they had been, the enemy could have killed them all, for they were out in the open ground, while the enemy were lying down behind their great ditch and bank.

This sort of work was, of course, the reverse of pleasant to Custer and his men. But they knew it had to be done, or General McClellan would never get to Richmond; so out

moved his army up the Peninsula, following General Johnston, and only moving a few miles a day, but without much fighting. At last General Johnston drew back right into Richmond, behind a little stream called the Chickahominy, and waited for the Union troops to attack him.

Here was the place where Custer found his second great chance in life, and took it. The army was coming slowly along on the road toward Richmond, and between them and the enemy lay a valley, the bottom of which was filled with a dark, swampy forest, hiding the Chickahominy from view. On the other side were some low hills; and beyond that, every one knew that they would be able to see the church steeples of Richmond, the city they had come from their homes on purpose to take. It was only four miles off, now, and they felt full of hope as they marched along.

It must not be supposed that the army could see anything of Richmond. For that matter, they could not see any enemy, they could not even see the whole of their own army. When we think what a number of them there were, we can imagine this. McClellan had an army of a hundred thousand men. We all know a city of a hundred thousand people is a very big city. There are not many such in the United States. An army stretches over much more ground than a city, and if McClellan's army had marched all on one road, with its wagons, it would have made a column fifty miles long. But, instead of that, it was broken into ever so many little columns, moving abreast of each other, and all these little columns found themselves stopped at the same time by the great dark swamp and black forest, where the stream of the Chickahominy, just like a river of ink, stole along between black banks of mud. There was no telling how deep that was, nor how many of the enemy might be hiding in the dark thicket on the other side, waiting to pick off the Union men, if they tried to cross. So the army halted, and went into camp, and McClellan told his chief engineer, Colonel Barnard, to go down and examine the river.

Barnard beckoned to a young officer near by, and, of course, we all know who the young officer was. It was Lieutenant Custer, whose opportunity had come. The old engineer galloped down to the river, followed by Custer, and they were soon outside the line of sentinels, called "pickets," that were placed there to watch the enemy.

These pickets were at the edge of the wood,



Custer drew his revolver, held it up in the air, and jumped into the black, slimy waters.

they went into the dark, without saying a word, and began to shovel away in dead silence. Luckily it was soft ground, or the enemy must have heard them. As it was, while they worked, they could hear the Southern soldiers talking to each other around their camp-fires, and could hardly believe but what they would be found out. Lieutenant Custer walked softly around among his men, giving all his orders in a whisper, and so they kept on all night, till, when the morning dawned, the Southerners were surprised to see the long line of bank that indicated the rifle-pit, and were greeted with such a fire that they could no longer work their guns in that neighborhood.

So the siege went on, every day McClellan bringing up more guns, and getting ready for a bombardment. To find out what the enemy were doing, the Union army used to send up balloons at the end of a long rope, and each balloon had an officer with a spy-glass. Here, again, Custer was made useful, and he was the first officer who was sent up to watch the enemy. He used to do this every morning and evening, when the enemy had their camp-fires lighted, so that he could estimate their numbers by the line of fires.

At last, one morning, when he went up, long before sunrise, he noticed something strange. There were no more fires; and though he waited till daylight, none were seen. Then he suddenly made up his mind that the Southerners had stolen away in the night, so he gave the signal and was pulled down by the men holding the rope, when he went and reported what he had seen.

Then it was found out that the Southern general, Johnston, seeing that McClellan was quite ready to batter down his works, and that he had detained him long enough, had retreated toward Richmond. The next thing was to follow him, and the whole army set out on its march, in the midst of a terrible rain storm. People at home don't know what that means with an army, but the Union soldiers soon found out, and so did Custer, when they saw the long trains of army wagons, stretching for miles and miles, cutting up the soft road into mud, where the horses stuck fast, and the wheels were buried, and the soldiers were up to their knees in red clay, and everything was miserable. There was no fun in that, and no fun when they came up with the enemy, some seven miles off, at Williamsburg, and had a furious battle, where nearly three thousand men were killed and wounded. Then, very slowly and cautiously, General McClellan

and several of them warned Barnard and Custer to go no further, for they felt sure that the woods were full of enemies. The old engineer only smiled and went on into the wood. He had seen, from the top of the hill, with a spy-glass, that the enemy's main pickets were on the other side of the river. He and Custer tied their horses in the wood, and then went on foot through the swamp, now nearly dry, till at last they stood right at the edge of the deep, black stream that was rolling sluggishly along between its muddy banks, and on the other side of which was another deep, mysterious-looking forest.

Then Barnard turned to Custer, and pointed to the other bank.

"Jump in," said the old engineer to the young one.

Very few people would have liked that order, with a muddy bank and a stream like a river of ink to cross. Neither did Custer. He was a poor swimmer, and had all his clothes on. Moreover, if he went across, there was a chance that the enemy might shoot him from behind a tree, or wait and capture him on the other side. Most men would have hesitated, for a moment.

Without a word, Custer drew his revolver, held it up in the air, and jumped into the black, slimy waters, up to his breast, while he commenced his perilous journey, all alone.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

His Own Fate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A PALE, desperate face, whose dark eyes shone like shooting fires; red lips, compressed to a mere line of color; an erect, rigid figure, whose cold hands held an open foreign-looking letter the postman had just delivered.

The letter read:

"ENGLAND, 'CARRIS COURT,'
27th December, '60.
Mr. Brooke Carriscourt's compliments to the lady who subscribes herself Mr. Felix Carriscourt's wife, and begs both to discontinue the statement, and to refuse the required assistance."

And the pale, rigid woman—girl she looked, and was, as years went—was Grace Carriscourt, the seven-months widow of the handsome, profligate fellow she had married one fated day when his lover-pleadings, his magnificent beauty, had appealed all too strongly to her lonely heart.

It had been quite a romance—Felix Carriscourt's and Grace Leal's courtship. He had seen her, been smitten with her wonderful beauty, fallen unmeasurably in love with her, and, in a moment of what he called "weakness," and afterward cursed, he made her his wife, and for a few brief weeks, until his fancy was sated and while inconstancy was in reserve, Grace Carriscourt had been in a heaven of delight, and laughed, in her own happy heart, at the warnings friends had given her of Felix Carriscourt's reputation as a gambler, a rove, and thanked Heaven that it had given her darling for her very own.

Three months afterward, if Grace had not been as proud as she was loyal and true, she would have told a different story—of neglect, of sneers, of unhesitatingly-expressed regrets that he—her husband—had ever seen her.

Three months after that came heart-achings and anguishful awakening to the bitter truth that friends had not warned her untruthfully, and Grace knew, to her agony and shame, that her husband was all and more than she had so confidently declared he was not.

And then he was killed, with awful suddenness. He left her at eleven o'clock of a bright, autumn morning, with words of cursing on his handsome lips, because she had ventured to tell him people said his horse was fit for no man to ride who valued his life; and before mid-day they carried him in to her, dead.

She was not eighteen years old, then—not more than a month or so over seventeen—and a widow—the widow of a man who had spent the large income given him by a wealthy, indulgent old father, whose own young days had been very like his youngest son's; so, when her dead was laid forever away, and the expenses paid, and the bills that came swarming in settled, Grace found there was not fifty dollars left for her to begin her life with; and then she realized that it would have been best had she so ordered her plans that her husband's expenses should have been paid by his people—his proud old family, over in England, from whom she was daily expecting advice as to the final disposition of the youngest son's remains.

She waited weeks for an answer to her modest letter in which she gave all the sad particulars, the while using every effort to obtain employment, and living in such vivid contrast to the home she had revealed in for such a little while.

But no letter ever came; and she never knew that the Carriscourts had sent a messenger over

"Remarkably handsome, Ollivant. If she sings as 'Mignon' as well as she looks in her proper person, there is a treat in store for me, at least. I presume you fellows have heard her often."

And Mr. Brooke Carriscourt, lately returned from his Southern tour—Mr. Brooke Carriscourt, eldest son and sole heir to the vast family estate—Mr. Brooke Carriscourt, who had once sent such a cruel, such an insulting note away across the Atlantic, did not know it was the pictured face of his brother's widow upon which he was looking; nor, when he leaned eagerly forward in his box a few nights later, to feast his artist eyes on Gracieure's magnificent brunette beauty, and regale his aesthetic senses on her exquisite voice, and faultless manner, did he know it was his sister-in-law who was the idol of every heart she thrilled.

But Gracieure knew. It was for some such time as this that she had been waiting for years—long, patient waiting, while she toiled, and drugged, and wept, and persevered, until the great natural talent God had given her was made her fortune, her slave.

Gracieure knew it was her whose letter had never once left her possession, which she had read and reread in moments of trial and moments of triumph. She had asked of her agent at once if Mr. Carriscourt were in the house, and when she saw him she knew him from his resemblance to her dead husband.

She was royally magnificent that night—she had a well-defined object in view, and all the art of her splendid talent was brought to compare with her matchless beauty. And Brooke Carriscourt, looking at her with eyes in which admiration changed to eager delight, and warmed into something deeper still, made up his mind that of all the women he ever had seen, that this stary-eyed, ebon-haired, graceful Gracieure was his choice.

And Gracieure sung, and smiled, and wept, and enchanted every heart, and Brooke Carriscourt, after the opera was over, sent a most courteous note to her, begging the inestimable honor of an introduction through his fortunately happy friend, Percival Ollivant.

And a tiny little violet-odored, cream-tinted sheet, bearing an intricate monogram that might have been two C's or two G's, or a G and C—if Brooke Carriscourt had only known Gracieure was Grace Carriscourt.

And the daintily-written note assured him that Mademoiselle Gracieure was not in the habit of receiving strangers!

It was presumptuous—to Brooke Carriscourt of all men, with his grand old family name, and entailed estates, and tremendous rent-rolls, and embarrassingly large income; and that gentleman ground his drooping blonde mustache and did just what Gracieure had intended he should do—persevere hotly until he should succeed in meeting her.

And he met her, and was introduced to her in strict accordance with the most rigid rules of etiquette; and if she had charmed him at a distance, she enchanted him doubly now, with her bewitching ways and her lovely smile and her brightest intelligence.

Men began to envy him his good fortune—it was on every one's tongue that Carriscourt and the prima donna were engaged, and Gracieure neither denied nor admitted the truth, but flushed and smiled, and Carriscourt was too genuinely in love to dare do either.

He fairly worshipped her. He was at her side whenever it was possible for him to be, and she seemed to enjoy his society as well as he did hers—so well, that there was not a shadow of a doubt of his acceptance on his heart, when he told her, one evening, that he loved her so, and wanted her so, and pictured the life of luxury and ease she would enjoy as his darling wife.

And Gracieure seemed to be enchanted with what he said, and made him feel that he was already in the seventh heaven.

"You talk so exquisitely," she said, with one of her bewitching little laughs, "I think you should tell it to me so I can read it whenever I wish. Write me a letter, Mr. Carriscourt—I do so love letters."

And Brooke Carriscourt wrote his passion down as best he could, as he would have done anything his siren bade him; and he pleaded with all the ardor and eloquence of which he was master that she would take him for her own.

And Grace Carriscourt read it with glistening eyes, in which was not one gleam of pity.

"My time has come, now!"

And for all answer she sent him back the penciled note he had sent across the seas to her; and beneath it she wrote:

"Gracieure, otherwise Grace Carriscourt, the widow of your brother Felix."

How he took it she never knew—never cared, for the very next steamer took her from England, where her work was done; and a year later, she was happily married.

But it was a bitter drop in Brooke Carriscourt's cup—rather, a cup full of bitterness; but he had no one to blame but himself!

It is evident that the habit of idle young men going to "their uncle" to raise funds had begun to excite remark even in ancient times. Solomon's oft quoted advice, "Go to the aunt, thou sluggard," would at least seem to strengthen this supposition.

An Irishman went to the theater for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses he asked: "An' what piece do ye play next?"

"What's the derivation of the word Yankee?" asked a school principal of the smart boy on visitors' day. "Why, when Johnny Bull tried to yank right out of our rights," replied the juvenile, "he acted in the capacity of the yankee, and the Americans consequently became the yankees."

New Books.

Among the most entertaining and popular Novels of the Year must be named the new **CITY LIFE NOVELS**, by Mr. Albert W. Aiken, whose serial stories had such large currency in the **SATURDAY JOURNAL**. In the **PHANTOM HAND** (to issue March 5th) readers have a novel of singular beauty, power and mystery. Given complete in a fine TWENTY CENT volume it is thus brought within easy reach of all lovers of popular romance. Others of Mr. Aiken's City Life Stories to follow will render the series very attractive indeed—and as cheap as they are attractive.

BRAVE BARBARA, by Corinne Cushman, is undoubtedly one of the most charming Society and Love Stories recently published—a dollar and a half novel for twenty-five cents! To meet the demand for the *Best Things at the Cheapest Rates*, Messrs. BEADLE AND ADAMS give it, in their admirable "Cheap Edition of Popular Authors," at the remarkably low price of twenty-five cents each—which will commend it to a large sale.